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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 217
ETHICS WITHOUT REVELATION. By Kingsley Martin 219
"MYSTERY, PERIL AND SPLENDOUR." By H. N. Brailsford 219
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 220
THIS ENGLAND 221
UNPROTECTED EMPLOYERS. By "Saratar". 221
HEARTBREAK. By Desmond MacCarthy . 222
AN OPEN LETTER. By the Rev. R. A. Edwards 223
RECENT CONCERTS. By Edward Sackville West 224
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait. . 224
PLAYS AND PICTURES 224
CORRESPONDENCE 225
From Edgar Granville, M.P.; Kay M. Wright; Dr. Harry Roberts; Cyril Connolly; Malcolm Elwin; D. P. Croom-Johnson; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier . 227
REVIEWS:
The Cromwellian Revolution. By Harold J. Laski 228
Planning for Paradise. By Cyril Connolly 228
Reflections on History. By J. P. Mayer. 229
Good European. By Freda White. . 230
Books on Russia 230
Shorter Notices 231
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 231

THE FUTURE OF AIR TRANSPORT

THE resignation of the chairman and three other members of the British Overseas Air Corporation is not an unforeseen explosion of war-worn nerves. The situation in this body has for long been unsatisfactory, and, indeed, it has hardly had a chance to function properly. This is partly due to the circumstances of its foundation; it was formed in April, 1939, at a time when all aircraft production and design had to be concentrated upon military aeroplanes. It could not keep pace with the lightning advances in design. Again, the Government itself is responsible for structural faults in its constitution. The State subsidises civilian air transport by postal contracts and other means; overseas flying is still far from economic, though some small inland lines pay their way. Whatever the individual passenger may suppose as he takes his expensive ticket to some foreign aerodrome, it is the public which pays the piper, and the public has the right to call the tune.

When a predominantly Tory Government bought out the shareholders for £3,230,000 and forced the amalgamation of Imperial Airways and British Airways, it only called about half the tune. It left the management of civilian transport to the unsupervised control of a Board of five, of whom one was a railway and two were shipping directors. There has been a good deal of criticism of the management by employees of the Corporation, who have considered it inefficient, but who have been discouraged from suggesting improvements. But the policy of the directors has been that which is almost inevitable when a "public utility" is called upon to administer public funds on behalf of the State, which exercises no active supervision or control. This Corporation is not in effect a national service, as such a key industry should be; it is a private company, supported by State funds and secure from pressure to reform behind its cover of State establishment. From this point of view the quarrel between the Air Ministry and B.O.A.C. may be all to the good, provided we take in its implications. For several other industries certainly are laying plans now to be recognised as public utilities after the war. They look forward to combining effective independence with a sufficient subsidy to ensure satisfaction to their investors. If their organisation or efficiency is criticised they hope to be able to claim the infallibility of the Civil Service. It is impossible to conceive a stronger Mareth Line for the entrenchment of capitalism.

The immediate dispute, as explained by Sir Archibald Sinclair, leaves an impression that the Government has an overwhelming case. The Air Ministry has evidently reason to think that B.O.A.C. is not fit to act as the troop transport organisation which the war has rendered necessary, and has therefore preferred to set up an Air Transport Command. It has not, however, taken over control of civilian transport by turning B.O.A.C. into an outright Government service, as the Germans did the *Lufthansa*. Outright control by the Air Ministry would have secured proper co-ordination with the R.A.F. The Government has chosen to leave the B.O.A.C. in being and to come to a division of work with it. It was inevitable that, on lines where military transport was involved—and that means the main routes to Africa, America, and the East—the Air Ministry should claim the right to co-ordinate the military and civilian services. Preposterously, the B.O.A.C. demanded that it should be responsible for all regular trunk services except those carrying exclusively R.A.F. loads. When this was refused, four of the directors resigned. This seems to cause no grief to the keener of the pilots and employees of the Board, but they are dissatisfied with the substitutes appointed by the Air Ministry, Sir Harold Howitt, of the Air Council, Mr. Simon Marks, and Mr. John Marchbank, and a meeting of employees asked the Government to re-appoint Lord Reith as chairman. For reasons unexplained the request appears later to have been withdrawn.

There is the cross-complication, in an already sufficiently embroiled problem, of the demand of the shipping and railway companies to control the air lines after the war. No doubt they feel that as public attention is fixed on the parlous condition of civilian transport, it is the moment to stake their claims. The Air Corporation, cradled in subsidy and starved on war rations, may be a weakling infant now, but the shipowners are well aware that it bears promise of Herculean growth, and that they themselves will be subjected, once the submarines leave the oceans, to a grilling competition both from the new American merchant shipping and from air transport which will be especially popular in their most paying trade, luxury passenger traffic. The *Queen Mary's* cabins may be empty when her former passengers take the daily plane. Their memorandum is ably and disarmingly written, basing its argument upon the need to rationalise the air-sea position by giving the control of both to the capable and experienced management of our merchant marine.

This is turning the problem upside down. The shipping of this country, and, indeed, of the world, will have to be rationally planned in order to carry the immensely increased trade upon which the "Century of the Common Man" may achieve its raised living standards. And air transport will have to be planned, not to run into ruinous competition. And not for that reason only, though it is for that reason that the Germans, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Russians, the Swedes, and in wartime the Americans, have organised their overseas air lines into national bodies. It is a portent that ex-Senator Lee, the Isolationist Vice-Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, advocates the national organisation of United States flying, because "no other basis would adequately reflect the fundamental policies which must be furthered." By that he probably means the monopoly of air transport for American planes. It is clear enough, however, that if we are to be able to speak with our friends in the gate even about trade, we must do it with our aviation under our public control. And, far more, the national ownership of civil aviation is essential to our future peace and that of the world. If there is no control of civil air research, manufacture, aerodromes, flying; of planes which can carry bombs and troops as well as merchandise and merchants; then there will be no international control of the air. Without international air control there can be no security for us, for America, for the remotest isle of the sea.

Generalship and Statecraft

It would clearly be wishful thinking to infer from the Eighth Army's victory at Mareth that the final liquidation of the Axis bridgehead in North Africa is imminent. By a bold combination of frontal pressure and powerful flanking attack General Montgomery has turned the Afrika Korps out of a position of great natural strength; but Rommel, though his losses in the past ten days' fighting must have been severe, is a resolute and resourceful commander. His forces, together with those of Von Arnim in Northern Tunisia, are still considerable; and, if he is able to consolidate a defensive perimeter covering Tunis and Bizerta, he may still impose on the Allies a period of stiff and necessarily slow siege warfare. But whether the conclusion of the North African campaign is reached after weeks or months of further fighting, eventual success now seems sufficiently assured to render needful the urgent completion of the political planning which is involved in any military operations projected in the next phase of the Allies' Mediterranean offensive. Whatever portion of enemy or enemy-occupied territory be selected as the next military terrain, it is essential that the Allies should be prepared in advance to deal with the immediate political and administrative problems which a successful landing would create. What local officials or forces can be utilised? What media can be chosen for distribution of food and medical supplies? These are but two of the many questions which will have to be settled and whose settlement cannot well be left to the empirical decisions of a commander engrossed in the operational tasks of invasion. It is not sufficient merely to resolve that there shall be no repetition in Europe of the Darlan experiment. The duration of the war will depend greatly on the extent to which we succeed from the outset in convincing the non-Fascist peoples of the Continent that they can look to their liberators for aid in real social, economic and political reconstruction on lines which embody the maximum common agreement between Washington, London *and* Moscow.

The Re-education of Germans

The planners gathered in the London International Assembly have not, it seems to us, cleared their minds before producing their report on the re-education of Germany. It proposes that during the period of occupation an Allied High Commissioner, assisted by a council on which no German will sit, shall take entire charge of German education, from the primary school to the university, and shall appoint and dismiss teachers and determine the curriculum. Further, he is to control all the organised leisure-time activities of German youth, including even their sports, and to organise adult education. Finally, he is to censor all books, films and the wireless so as to banish dangerous thoughts. This is, in short, a proposal to subject the entire intellectual life of the German people for several years to direct control, not merely to limiting supervision, by their enemies. The object which it is sought to attain in this way is, needless to say, desirable. The intention is to promote a democratic outlook and restore former standards of humanity. Our answer is that if any government, above all a group of victorious enemy governments, attempts to do this by force to another people, it will produce an exactly contrary result. The inevitable effect will be a nationalist reaction against this intellectual coercion, which will discredit our schools, our ideas and those Germans who consent to become our hirelings. We assume that the Nazi machine will be smashed. In the first stages of the occupation, if no alternative provisional German administration, local or national, is in sight, it may be necessary to suspend for a time the teaching of subjects that verge on politics, as was done in Tripoli. But the first step is to promote a period of free discussion, during which hypnotised Germans will learn not only that the Nazis have failed, but why. Germans alone can re-educate Germans; if we want to discredit our ideas, as well adopt the system proposed in this report.

Holidays for Young Workers

Strong support should be given to Mr. Kenneth Lindsay's suggestion that all juvenile workers in essential industries should be assured of a fortnight's holiday with pay. There is no section of the community more oppressed by the intensity of the industrial effort of war than the juveniles, who are expected, in addition to working a longer working week than in peacetime at a considerably hotter pace, to find energy for pre-Service activities in various cadet organisations, and are thus exposed to a strain which would be unhesitatingly condemned by psychologists and doctors alike at any ordinary time. It is, of course, argued that the young persons *like* the extra activities which they are called upon to undertake outside the hours of industrial labour, and would not willingly be deprived of them. But that, however true, is no evidence that they are not being overstrained. In the days of the Industrial Revolution it was often argued that because children were seen to play when they escaped from the mills, twelve or fourteen hours of factory labour could not be too much for them. Fielden and other factory reformers rightly retorted that children must play, however tired they were; and in the same way boys and girls will find energy for out-of-hours pre-Service activities even if they are undergoing too heavy a strain during the hours of work. The least we can do for them under these conditions is to make sure that they get a good holiday.

India in the House (*By a Special Correspondent*)

Question-time was lively and well-attended, with the Prime Minister giving the news of the capture of Gabes and El Hamma, and then a harmless little joke of a division about Daventry: ayes 239, noes 12. Three minutes later, when the Secretary of State began to speak, the House had shrunk to less than fifty: half an hour more and it was down to eighteen—a fidgety eighteen who wanted to speak themselves and not to listen to each other. Small wonder, because, as my journalist neighbour put it, "any borough council would put up a better debate." My other neighbour (in that gallery which was so much more crowded and less comfortable than the floor) was a young Canadian naval officer, visiting the House for the first time. "Do they," he whispered, "always sound so bored?" I reassured him. "Not," I said, "when they're discussing income-tax or the Catering Bill: this is only India."

Thus and thus, with a steady attendance of eighteen, went the consideration of the future of four hundred million people. Mr. Amery, with puckered brow—or was it a trick of the light?—spoke in glowing though measured terms of the gifts bestowed on India by a beneficient and kindly Britain, and of the violent horrors perpetrated by the unarmed Congress Party. On the subject of the faith of our forefathers he waxed eloquent in peroration and even poem. Even the eighteen laughed a little when it came to the poem. From above, the eighteen looked very bald and grey. I couldn't spot an under-forty: the only two possibles, in khaki, went out during the first ten minutes after a mutual chit-chat. Grey and bald heads rose on the right to echo Mr. Amery's sentiments: grey and bald heads on the left paid some tributes to Mr. Gandhi, and even went so far, once, as to say that the White Paper was "a lamentable document." But even for the left, that didn't seem to absolve Mr. Gandhi and the naughty Congress that wanted freedom. The White Paper had done its work.

No Indian on the floor of the House, of course: still, that's remarkable, when you come to think of it, from a democratic point of view. In the gallery facing us Princess Indira of Kapurthala, hiding her beauty behind horn-rimmed spectacles as she jots down notes for the B.B.C. In the gallery on our right, Cornelia Sorabji, jutting a Mussolini chin from an orange sari, sitting with Mrs. Amery. Behind me, Subhas Bose's nephew, looking down on the scene with impassive contempt. On my left I almost make out the ghost of Mr. Gandhi, twinkling benignantly on his conquerors. "You may," I think he murmurs, "call me inconsistent: at least I'm no*t dull*."

As the clock nears five, Mr. Attlee—despi some of the still unburdened eighteen—rises t conclude. The debate, he says, has been on a extraordinary high level. Members know a gre deal more about the subject; and so on, and s forth. Am I Rip Van Winkle? Did I mis something? Not a word have I heard whic indicated hope or knowledge or intention or pla The debate, as I understood it, firmly underline the Government's masterly idea of inactivity Yet stay: I did hear something: could it hav been a new note? Mr. Amery and Mr. Attle and other speakers had said, or implied, that "ou democratic institutions" were not suitable t India. (Of course, they had also accused Con gress of being undemocratic, but let that pass. Indians, they said (or so I thought, and I believ I heard Cripps say it once) must choose for them selves. Good. But which Indians? Not th elected representative Indians in prison: tha was sure. The people? But they'd elect th representative Indians all over again, if they ha a chance.

Never, said Mr. Amery, had so few done s much for so many. The eighteen and the fou hundred million? 1,028 killed, 3,200 wounded 900 flogged, 44,000 in jail . . . no, no, no, sai Mr. Attlee, I am sure that my honourable frien opposite would put people in jail if he were i power. Yes, criminals perhaps: but politica offenders? 44,000 political offenders in jail ar surely a sign that can't be overlooked of tha totalitarianism which Mr. Attlee tried to attribut to the Congress Party. Nobody quoted from th White Paper that revealing sentence: "The Con gress organisation, now entirely underground has been further weakened by continued an successful police pressure . . ."

So the clock struck and the democratic eighteen went their ways, And the galleries seemed to fil with white robes shadowed by prison bars.

"A Government of Mighty Will"

The Conference of the London Labour Party last week-end presented the first opportunity o testing, on any considerable scale, the Labour reaction to Mr. Churchill's post-war pronouncement and to the Government's reception of the Beveridge Plan. On the latter issue, the Conference insisted on pressing not only in general terms for the acceptance of the Plan, but also for the immediate establishment of a Ministry of Social Security—this latter an amendment from the floor, which the executive tried unsuccessfully to get withdrawn. On the wider issue raised by the Prime Minister's speech, the Conference showed a strong disposition to insist that Coalition Government should be limited strictly to the war period, and that Labour must regain its full political independence, if not now, at all events as soon as the war in Europe comes to an end. As against this, Mr. Bevin, speaking at Bristol, put his main stress on the need for "a Government of mighty will" to see through the programme of post-war reconstruction. He did not say whether he envisaged such a Government as a continuing coalition, or a party Government based on the Labour Party, or a Government of the kind hinted at by Mr. Churchill, resting on persons rather than parties, and presumably in the last resort on one person—Mr. Churchill himself. Mr. Bevin, in defining his post-war programme, said that the Government would carry through Sir William Beveridge's Report, "though not exactly in the way he has framed it." He went on to bracket this with plans for "building a better Britain," and for the general introduction of holidays with pay as a recognised social service; and he took the line that not money, but man-power, must determine the post-war, as well as the wartime, economic programme. We wonder where Mr. Bevin hopes to find his required "Government of mighty will," and what exactly he meant when he adjured the British people "to put such a Government into office"? When, how, and under what electoral conditions does Mr. Bevin want or expect the feat to be performed?

ETHICS WITHOUT REVELATION

The kindness and wit of the letter which we publish this week from the rector of Dartington should not be allowed to disguise the serious nature of its challenge. In our agnosticism he sees a spiritual emptiness making way for a totalitarian state and the submergence of the individual with whose full development both he and I are equally concerned. I, on the other hand, see at some removes behind his friendly criticism the shadow of authoritarian clericalism, the return to established ignorance and sanctified superstition. If he foresees the guillotine, I smell faggots.

His argument may be summarised like this. He finds that this journal sometimes takes a stand on issues of right and wrong, refusing in its old-fashioned way to submit to the dictation of immediate expediency. He thinks this whimsical preoccupation with morality the deposit of a Christian upbringing. Since, however, we do not accept what he regards as a necessary theological basis, we are not in his view much use to the younger generation, which has not sucked in Christian ethics with its mother's milk. We only keep on the moral track because we freewheel off our fathers. We teach goodness without God, and that he regards as a precarious business.

Now in the first place if it were true that the ethical values which we regard as important really depended on the truth of a particular set of historical facts alleged to have occurred nearly 2,000 years ago, we should all indeed be in a bad way. The alleged facts are highly disputable and open to a variety of interpretations. Most of the theology which the rector of Dartington would have us believe seems to us incredible. What, then, does he suggest? Does he really so far repudiate his own ideas of right and wrong as to urge us for utilitarian reasons to preach a faith which we do not regard as true? I am sure he does nothing of the sort. This is strictly all the answer his letter requires. If it were true that the moral values which we and he agree about were really dependent on so unsure a foundation, we should still unhesitatingly refuse to accept the Voltairean maxim that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him, lest the Lower Orders, deprived of the fear of hell, should cut our throats. That would surely be just the blasphemy against the truth which he congratulates us on not committing.

But I cannot leave the matter at this negative point. The positive question remains. On what basis does our concept of right and wrong stand? First I should say that whether we have individually learnt our notions of right and wrong from Christian parents is irrelevant. We might have acquired much the same notions in China, for instance, where they would have come down to us in the body of Confucian writing. This code of ethics is not a Christian monopoly at all. It is a far older affair; personally I find its expression in the gospels less rational and less convincing than in the *Apology* of Plato and in the writings of Stoics. Christ, I agree, made some important additions to Socrates and Epictetus, but that I suggest was because He was an important teacher of ethics and not because He was the Son of God. Secondly, I must explain that I have no such belief in "absolute values" as the rector imagines. I believe that the notions of right and wrong about which he and I broadly agree come from something much more fundamental than Christian theology and that they are, in fact, composed of valuable truths discovered by man through many aeons of experience. They arise from the nature of human society. I disagree with the Archbishop of Canterbury when he said in *Christianity and Social Order* that there is no basis for believing in the equality of man unless we believe in the Fatherhood of God. I should put the matter another way round. The Fatherhood of God is often a useful and poetic way of stating the truth that a man who does not treat his neighbour as his brother is a criminal, and that as soon as one group of people are allowed to organise on the basis of their own superiority, war, persecution and every other type of human evil necessarily follow. In a word, social values arise from the fact of community life and are based on the social instincts of man and the development of what some psychologists have called the "tender emotions." Prof. Bury has briefly and brilliantly stated the utilitarian case in his little book called the *History of Freedom of Thought*. He remarks that

> the *Just* designates a class of rules or principles of which the social utility has been found by experience to be paramount and which are recognised to be so important as to override all considerations of immediate expediency.

I understand why the rector and the Archbishop wish to revive the theology as well as the ethics of Christianity and fear that the ethics alone would prove flimsy in the face of Fascist demagogy. They are looking for an authoritarian way of saving the world from a plunge into anarchy. If young people have not faith in true gods they fall a prey to false ones, and the rector and the Archbishop fear that these sociological and rational arguments for good citizenship are too complex and too open to argument to be effective. Without authority and without (perhaps they would say) the "dynamic" of Christian theology they despair of maintaining the Western tradition which our society will allow to snap at its peril. Their fears are justified but their remedy is useless. There is no way in which you can persuade those who are familiar with Marx and Darwin and Frazer and Freud to accept the theology of orthodox Christianity. That is one of the reasons why in countries like Spain, where the ideas of medieval Christianity survive, Marx and Darwin and Frazer and Freud are banned as ruthlessly as liberal literature in Nazi Germany. That is why the rector and his friends are in more danger than I of becoming supporters of a totalitarian hell.

The ethics on which a decent society rests vary superficially from generation to generation. But they are based on the less transient foundation of human discoveries that have been, we used to hope, permanently accepted in civilised society. We have learnt that it is still possible for them to be overthrown in a period of social chaos; this happens with peculiar ease at a time when the doctrinal superstructure with which they have been associated in the minds of the ignorant has been swept away. A similar series of events took place, the rector will remember, in the days of Euripides and the Peloponnesian War; the subsequent argument was fully developed in the Platonic Dialogues. To-day the supreme need is for a synthesis of modern knowledge which will play the part that Thomas Aquinas played in the thirteenth century. You will not restore righteousness to-day by persuading people to believe in the *Summa Theologica*. The task of making this twentieth century synthesis could have been achieved in a generation had it not been for the interruption first of the War of 1914–18 and then of the present war. Wells made a gallant effort in his series of *Outlines* to put together a body of knowledge on the general truth of which civilised man could agree and to which he could every day add more discoveries and modify as he learnt. Bernard Shaw wrote eloquently in *Back to Methuselah* about the need for the dynamic of a new religion, which could reinterpret the old myths and help mankind on to the co-operative commonwealth of the future. I should say that my generation learnt more of its morality from these lay preachers than from the Bible.

I could mention a number of other writers less famous who have begun but not yet adequately effected the synthesis which must someday enable a school teacher to explain to children the assumptions on which any civilised life must be based, the code of ethics which we must observe, and the sort of society at which we are aiming. And such teaching could be based to-day, not on the authority of an established church or of supernatural events, but on the only kind of authority acceptable to a free and inquiring man—on truth discovered by reason and experience, capable of modification and development. There are schools to-day in which the efforts to explain this positive basis of a good society is made, and I must place my faith for the future on such teaching and on the dynamic of building a society in which, as Tawney once put it, everyone would have the right to tell everyone else to go to hell, but no one would want to. When the rector suggests that in some way or other we should gain security from Fascism by a revival of Christian theology in the schools, I can only stand astonished. Where in Europe during the period of Fascist growth has orthodox Christianity in the schools proved a bulwark against the corruption of youth?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

"MYSTERY, PERIL AND SPLENDOUR"

Mr. Churchill may have intended that his eloquent broadcast should satisfy all our questions about the post-war world. But the glimpse he allowed us of the future—"the mystery, the peril and the splendour"—raised more questions in our minds than it answered. Nor did Mr. Eden help us, in his charming oration beside the grave of his ancestor at Annapolis, save that he tried to reassure the Chinese: they are, after all, to rank as the Fourth Great Power, a detail the Prime Minister omitted. It may be well, then, to review what Mr. Churchill has disclosed and what remains mysterious. The perils are not far to seek.

The post-war framework of Mr. Churchill's vision is very much dimmer in some of its outlines than in others. He can imagine a "world-institution" which will eventually come into being, "under" which his Councils of Europe and Asia will operate, but not even by the vaguest hint did he tell us anything about it. This silence was puzzling, for over some at least of the aspects of power, any controls capable of assuring future peace must be world-wide. As sailors know, "the seas are one." It is even clearer that the air is one. No division of the earth into continents or regions can obscure the fact that sea-power and air-power have, or soon will have, a world-wide range. It is also obvious that any controls we set up over strategical materials and the manufacture and traffic in armaments can be effective only if they, too, are world-wide.

Clearer than anything else in this part of the broadcast was the outline of a project for a Council of Europe. Mr. Churchill seemed to view it as the successor of the League of Nations. It is to be created and in its early stages led by America, Britain and Russia. This raises several puzzles. That America will have a right to play her part and have her say in the settlement as in the liberation of Europe, everyone will concede. But are we to understand that America will be a "permanent" member of the Council of Europe? Mr. Churchill seemed to imply it. What Europeans might say to that suggestion we need not inquire, for it is highly improbable that Americans would endorse it. What, again, in the geographical sense, is meant by "Europe"? Does it stretch, if the Soviet Union is in it, from Kerry to Kamchatka? Is it the whole Eurasian landmass? That would make a unit unmanageable in its extent, to say nothing of its cultural and political variety. Nor is it easier to guess the composition and extent of the Council of Asia. In trying to guess what was in the Prime Minister's mind we may have to dismiss any idea that he was proposing a regional grouping of the peoples of Europe and Asia which would enable them to manage their common affairs by association among themselves. What he seemed to be describing was rather a pattern of power. Three Great Powers, wielding irresistible might, military and economic—the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and the

British Empire—are to shape and dominate both Europe and Asia, though in each of these Continents they will have to take into partnership at some date in the future governments which will be no match for them in the military sense.

Something, in very vague terms, Mr. Churchill did tell us about his European plan. He has adopted the idea which the Foreign Office has favoured for some years. It rejects as impracticable or undesirable any idea of a single European federation. On the eve of the collapse of France Mr. Churchill himself took what might have been, had the French accepted it, the first step in this direction. If we were then prepared for a full federal union with the French, might we not have gone on to include in it eventually the other European peoples who share with us a common cultural heritage? In place of this daring and hopeful idea, something much more questionable has emerged. The smaller and weaker States of Europe are to be encouraged to group themselves in confederations. Each of these would then eventually enter the Council of Europe, side by side with its three Great Powers, though hardly, one supposes, on a footing of equality. What groups will in the end emerge, if this idea prevails, not even the best informed of us could now predict. General Sikorsky has sketched a Confederation of East European States, stretching from the Baltic to the Aegean. A rival plan aims at a much smaller confederation of Danubian States. It would be a waste of time to discuss the many possible permutations and combinations.

This pattern offers a restless future to Europe. It means in a new form, and with bigger pawns and pieces, the old game of the Balance of Power. Each of these Confederations, like the Great Powers, would claim sovereignty in the old sense, and each would endeavour to develop its economic resources and man-power for the purposes of its own defence. All or most of these power-groups would aim at the encirclement of Germany. Some of these projects seem to revive the equally disastrous idea of a *cordon sanitaire*, drawn between Western Europe and the Soviet Union. Others, again, would create a block of Slav States friendly to and dependent on the Soviet Union. In Washington there are those who toy with the idea of a Catholic-Latin block of an authoritarian type. The possibilities of intrigue are endless. With three foci of power, in Washington, London and Moscow, these groups, large or small, would move in an incessant ballet of power politics, from one orbit to another. Out of this pattern the integral unity of Europe could never be evolved.

Mr. Churchill did, indeed, tell us that his Council of Europe is to carry on the work of the old League. He endowed it with a High Court to decide "disputes," but mentioned nothing that suggested legislative powers. "Disputes" arise only because we have failed to create the legislative machinery capable of tackling common problems before they engender conflict.

It was evident that Mr. Churchill shrinks from facing the ultimate problem, when he described the armed forces that are to stand behind the decisions of his High Court as "national or international or both." Until we choose between these alternatives we have settled nothing at all. If we mean to create an International Police Force it would be a fatuous insincerity to permit national governments to retain forces of their own with which to resist it. I confess that I listened to this broadcast with a growing sense of dismay. It was clear, when Mr. Churchill spoke of our dwindling population, that the future he plans for us does not exclude war. He warned us that in thirty years we shall have a smaller "working and fighting population." He told us, moreover, that though he looks forward one day to an "integrated life" for Europe, he does not hope to see it in his lifetime. The mystery and the peril were more evident in this sketch than the splendour.

This postponement of any radical handling of our major problems was for me the most disturbing feature of this broadcast. The lesson of history is that major changes are made only in wartime or at its end. There most of the friends of the League went wrong in 1919, in the belief that all that was then lacking or amiss could be put right by gradualist methods. Are we going to do the same thing again? If we retain, after the peace, our national forces, we shall never discard them. If in the first heat of revulsion against the barbarism in which we have had to immerse ourselves during this war, we fail to create a single International Force, we shall never do it. If we start the new era with a power-pattern based on three foci, each with its armed satellites in its orbit, we never shall escape from it. The creative moment will come when the Axis is broken. What we fail to do then we shall not do after frontiers have become rigid and governments have begun to enjoy the heady exercise of sovereignty.

One question precedes all others. In whose hands do we mean to place the ownership of military power? If we leave it in many hands, owned by a score or more of national governments, confederations and Great Powers, infallibly it will be used for national ends. So long as each of us owns, separately, these instruments of power, so long will our thinking and our policy seek national or imperial ends. The history of the League should warn us that with such a structure none of the devices of the jurists, neither covenants nor courts, will avail to impose social behaviour upon us.

Some talk of an International Air Force, as if this would suffice. That is strategically retrograde thinking. All modern warfare, on land as at sea, is now three dimensional. Airports, naval bases and arsenals must be protected by mechanised land forces. In short, the International Police, if we really mean to entrust our safety to it, must be a single, organic force, with its three arms, and it must be capable of acting all over this planet, without a rival. A world-authority must raise it, pay it and set it in motion. It must be so truly organic that Russian, Chinese and American troops will serve together with Europeans in Europe and vice versa.

Is this a fantastic impossibility? At present, of course, it is. Our own ruling class will be as slow to abandon its own national forces, above all the Navy, as Russia to scrap the Red Army.

If the will to abandon the national ownership of power did but exist, it would be easy to suggest devices by which we might achieve a truly "integrated life." The old concept of the sovereign national State, which acts as a unit, stands in our way. It was and is above all else a "Power"; it handled armies, it negotiated with other "Powers," always with its battle-fleet or army in reserve. And when it did consent to go to Geneva, it still went as a Power, as a national unit, whose delegation cast a solid vote. On that footing legislation over a multi-national area will never be possible. The way of escape is that each member of a national delegation in an international assembly should cast an individual vote. Concede that, and at once international parties will be constituted across frontiers—socialists, peasants, liberals and what not. There is no other hopeful way of outflanking the nationalism of the Sovereign State. Perhaps the easiest way to constitute the congress of a federated Europe would be that each national delegation should be chosen by proportional representation by the popular House of each national Parliament. On a similar plan delegates to a World Authority might be chosen by each of the Continental Councils.

But it is not the technical difficulties that deter us. What is lacking is the general will to end war by abolishing the national ownership of power. Is the latent class struggle too sharp? Is it empire that stands in the way? To me it seemed, during this broadcast, that, great as Mr. Churchill's services as a leader in our dire hour of danger were, we are entrusting our destiny to a man who cannot advance beyond the outlook of the nineteenth century. If our power to create stops short where he stopped, it is not towards peace we are moving but only towards an uneasy truce between the second world-war and the third.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

"I never saw the Prime Minister in better form," said an M.P. to me as he came out of the smoke-room. "The news from Tunis is good, and the P.M. gives the general impression of feeling thoroughly confident on the home as well as on the battle front." Lobby gossip confirmed this. Everyone seemed to think that Winston had beautifully dished any possible opposition—the more beautifully because he does it with such perfect courtesy. He just says to the Labour Party, "If, when the time comes, you want an election, you can have a coupon; that means you will keep the number of seats you have got now. If you don't like that you can fight and it will be the worse for you. You won't get many seats against me and the wireless." The small group of Conservatives who were inclined to revolt against the Government on the Beveridge Report now think the only chance of getting any measure of reform is to recognise that nothing can be done by open fighting and to rely on persuasion within the Tory Party. I still believe that Labour could save itself if it could use its present opportunity to press for social change during the war. But though individual Ministers certainly do their best, the Labour Party as a whole seems more worried about the coming Whitsun Conference. It is pretty confident about defeating the Communist demand for affiliation but less sure of obtaining a majority in favour of continuing the party truce. It is also bothered, I believe, by the position of Common Wealth, which inevitably makes progress at by-elections by standing on a Socialist platform and pointing out that it is perfectly proper, when Labour is observing a party truce, to vote for Common Wealth and remain a member of the Labour Party. The sensible course for Labour would be to reach an understanding with Sir Richard Acland; the foolish and, on the basis of past experience, more likely course would be for Labour to denounce him because he fights at least a bit of the battle which, under the terms of its self-denying ordinance, the Labour Party cannot fight itself.

* * *

Mgr. Spellman, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, has, I believe, no official mission on this side of the Atlantic, but there are some twenty-five million Roman Catholics in the United States, and their influence is large, specially on the Atlantic seaboard. And when the Archbishop, who is said to be very anti-Soviet in his outlook, visits the Mediterranean, sees the Pope more than once and then comes on to England, where he talks to the Prime Minister and takes a trip to Ireland, speculation about the subject of his conversations is inevitable. I believe that the Archbishop, who has talked with Sikorski, can scarcely avoid discussing the difficult issues that lie between Russia and Poland. On this subject American opinion is certainly sensitive, and the controversy raised by the *Times* leader of March 10th on Security and the announcement in the *New York Times* that Mr. Eden had made it clear that the *Times* was not expressing the policy of the British Government, are all indications of the way the Washington wind is blowing. The Poles have not, in my view, a good case about the Curzon Line and no one can do them a worse service than to suggest that they can find security in the future as the result of any guarantee by the Western Powers. The future Poland must be on good terms with the U.S.S.R. Of course, if there were really an international organisation of security, frontiers would not matter, but while the game of power-politics continues, no complaint can be made if Russia seeks frontier positions that make invasion more difficult in the future. (At least no complaint can be made by Imperial Britain or by the U.S.A., which is insisting on bases they will make in the Pacific and the Atlantic.) But it is a pity, in my view, that the U.S.S.R. should attempt to fortify this strategic claim by declaring that all Poles now in the Soviet Union are Soviet citizens. No

one can make this good law. The fact that Russia occupied Eastern Poland in 1939 and deported large numbers of individuals cannot legally make these individuals Russian. On this point the Poles have a good case, but if it is with this case that Mgr. Spellman is concerned, I suggest that he should talk the matter over, not with the Vatican, but with Stalin.

* * *

I am sure that a direct approach to Stalin, the realist, is the most hopeful means of expressing a grievance in Moscow. When the Allies have not fulfilled their promise to take the weight of the German offensive from the Russian front, and when much has happened to increase the already deep suspicion of Moscow, all protests based on law or on humanitarian grounds are immediately believed in Moscow to be merely a part of an anti-Soviet conspiracy. Certainly at a time when collaboration between the Western Democracies and the Soviet Union is the most important object of policy, no good purpose is served by full-page advertisements in New York papers and by meetings in Madison Square Gardens denouncing the Soviet Union for shooting two Polish Socialists. London has been more careful, and Sunday's memorial meeting at Caxton Hall was a private affair, admission by ticket, and unreported, I think, except in the *Daily Worker*. The shooting of these two Mensheviks, with their long and honourable revolutionary past, by the G.P.U. no doubt seems to the Kremlin so trivial an affair that any protests will be put down to a British intrigue. The aim of any protest should be to convince Stalin that concern with individual human life and standards of justice really goes deep into our traditions, and is an important factor in our relations with the U.S.S.R.

* * *

The Chinese in London, and I gather in Chungking, were much offended by Mr. Churchill's speech. It was not only that he concentrated on defeating Hitler first and spoke of partial demobilisation when the European war was over (I think he was right on both these points); even more striking was that he omitted China from the list of powers which will be chiefly responsible for the post-war settlement, and he spoke of "rescuing" China, which is just the charity attitude that the Chinese detest. They consider that China "rescued" us by standing up to the Japanese for years while we were foolish enough to supply Japan, and that if we leave Japan too long to consolidate her gains, it will not be a question of rescuing China but saving the cause of the United Nations. They ask for arms and the re-occupation of Burma and they are not very interested in any other kind of rescue. For that reason I should not be surprised to see the withdrawal of a recent poster put out by the United Aid to China. The Chinese bitterly resent the picture of little Wong holding out his bowl to be filled with rice or coins. On the cultural side of Anglo-Chinese collaboration, some good things have been done recently. The Chinese have appreciated Yehudi Menuhin concerts, and the idea of having a Chinese to talk on the radio about Western and Chinese music in the interval was excellent; the talk with illustrations from Chinese opera and folk-music must have interested hundreds of people in a new subject. If they wish to follow up this question of the relation of Chinese to Western culture, the opportunity awaits them this week at the "Artists Aid China" Exhibition which was opened on Wednesday by Sir Stafford Cripps at the Wallace Collection.

* * *

I have some sympathy with the official in the Ministry of Fuel who has not so far answered a letter sent to him by a correspondent of mine. The point at issue is this: some flats have in their terms of tenancy a regulation against drying washing outside the flats. A soldier's wife with a young baby contravenes the rule. Warned by her landlord, she points out that the alternative is every day to use a lot of fuel by burning an unnecessary gas fire. The landlord says that the æsthetic susceptibilities of his tenants are upset by the baby's washing, and he cannot make any concessions. My correspondent has written to the Ministry to know what advice to give to the soldier's wife. "Should she defy her landlord and risk litigation, thus co-operating in the national effort to save fuel, or should she and other mothers all waste daily the gas necessary to dry these articles which they are prevented from drying in the sun?"

* * *

"Sniping the Joad" has become a fashionable wartime sport. Most of the shooting is pretty poor, but the following lines make a pleasant comment on his selection as Labour Party candidate at Middlesbrough. They are headed "For a Grecian Urn."

Smite the lyre, sing the ode,
Sound the pipe, and the tabor!
In the classical mode
Smite the lyre, sing the ode,
For Philosopher Joad
Is accepted by Labour.
Smite the lyre, sing the ode,
Sound the pipe, and the tabor.

* * *

A successful London solicitor was recently called up and stationed in a southern county. His wife took a flat in a neighbouring seaside town. She advertised for a charwoman, and after some time found one. The charwoman asked her what her husband was doing. "In the army." Charwoman: "What is his rank?" Wife: "Private; he has just been called up." Charwoman: "Well, I'm afraid I cannot help you then; my husband's a captain."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. T.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A change of name for the Conservative Party to a title "more suggestive of bold and progressive thinking" will be discussed at the Federation of University Conservative Associations Conference in London next week.—*News Chronicle.*

Strong Boy or Youth Wanted for mating on motor lorry.—Gopsill's, Arthur Road, Hay Mills.—Advt. in *Birmingham Gazette.*

The genteel village spinster patrolling in the dark, perhaps somewhat fearfully, may be almost a figure of fun, but the thought of her must irritate our would-be invader as the thought of the Kentish hedgerows irritated Napoleon.—*The Lady.*

UNPROTECTED EMPLOYERS

[This is the first of two articles written by a correspondent with inside knowledge of the catering industry, both as employer and employed. He wrote these articles from the kitchen of a big hotel and he has more to say of Charlie and Ernie (bakers in the same kitchen) in the second article.]

In Parliament, leading opponents of the Catering Wages Bill sought to justify an unconvincing case by pleading that all must be well with the industry, because they had received few or no written complaints from its workers. Major Gluckstein went so far as to suggest that it was really the employee, not the employer, who held the whip hand. "At the first sign," he said, "of the workpeople's dissatisfaction with either wages or conditions in the industry, the standard of service given to the customers drops, and very serious consequences may follow. That is one reason why, in self-protection, employers, even if they are not humanitarian, see to it that conditions of employment and wages are good."

This pathetic picture of the defenceless employer was greeted in our mess-room with good-natured derision, for we knew that the honourable and gallant Member, being a barrister by profession, spoke without personal experience of the trade. (But I think he would have chuckled at some of the wise-cracks provoked by his speech.)

If the workers in our hotel were reasonably satisfied with their own conditions, they vigorously condemned those existing elsewhere in the industry. Perhaps the strongest argument I heard in support of the Bill was a remark made by Charlie. "We bakers," he said, "are well-off compared with other catering workers; but that's because we're already protected by our Trade Board, while they have no protection."

Let us test Major Gluckstein's theory in the light of the facts—pre-war facts, because present conditions in the industry are abnormal and misleading, owing to extreme scarcity of staff, black-out regulations and other causes. The figures given below are based on inquiries made at the Ministry of Labour, the Transport and General Workers' Union, the National Union of General and Municipal Workers (London Catering Branch), the Amalgamated Union of Operative Bakers, Confectioners and Allied Workers, the Labour Research Department, a leading London employment agency which also serves the provinces, and on information given in personal interviews with over 100 catering workers of various grades.

On the basis of inquiry covering both town and country districts, before the war, the average weekly working hours of employees in the categories named, allowing for one half-day's holiday each week and one half-day every alternate Sunday, were as follows. Waiters: 70–96; hotel and restaurant waitresses: 70–96; teashop waitresses: 48–70; barmen and barmaids: 65–96; chambermaids: 72–90; kitchen porters: 80–96; country hotel managers and manageresses: 90–100 or more. Bad catering for the staff was the rule rather than the exception, particularly in luxury hotels and restaurants, and in certain multiple teashops. Not a little of the work, especially for such people as barmen and kitchen-porters, involved avoidable drudgery.

As regards wages, I give present as well as pre-war figures, since the former show what employers *can* pay without crippling their businesses, even in "austerity" times. Before the war, waiters earned from 20s. a week plus 10s. in tips in small residential hotels, to between £4 and £6 gross in good-class establishments; and in luxury hotels and restaurants the figures were higher. To-day, a waiter can earn from £3 gross in a small hotel to £10, and often considerably more, in a fashionable restaurant. Waiters will not now consider a job at less than £8 in leading West End establishments. A few days ago I heard a wine-butler turn down an offer of £12 a week gross; he wanted £14 minimum, and was confident of getting it before long.

The pre-war wages of waitresses in a well-known and very respectable group of hotels averaged 12s. 6d., and tips 35s.; now the wages are 30s., and a waitress' share of the 10 per cent. service charge recently introduced in these hotels brings this amount up to between £4 and £5 in the busier places. Waitresses in London restaurants can earn from £4 to £6, and some make as much as £8.

Before the war, London tea-shop waitresses were commonly paid from 17s. to 25s., rising to 35s., with commissions and tips which often totalled no more than 5s. (This statement does not apply to Lyons' Corner Houses, where earnings were much higher.) To-day their wages are 30s. to 40s., but the cafeteria system has largely replaced their services, and many will not regret it. One prominent catering employment agency excludes all tea-shop waitresses from its books—(although it handles inquiries for kitchen porters and other low-paid staff)—because it considers that the majority of these girls cannot reasonably afford to pay the usual introductory commission.

Lower grade barmen earned 25s. to 35s. before the war, and barmaids 25s. to 30s., often with very poor meals and accommodation; to-day they get £3-£4 and £2 10s.-£3 respectively.

Trust House chambermaids' pre-war earnings averaged 12s. 6d. to 15s. in wages and 30s. in tips; these figures have now risen to £2 wages plus £2 share of the staff gratuity charge. Kitchen porters earning 20s. to 25s. before the war are now being paid £3 10s.

Wartime increases in catering staff wages are not necessarily reflected in management salaries. Some time ago, the manager of a famous provincial hotel joined the Forces as a volunteer. He and his wife had previously been paid a joint salary of £8 a week, and an annual bonus of £350. His wife is still managing the business, but during her husband's absence her salary is £7 a week, without any bonus. The turnover of this hotel averages £1,500 a week. The same company, which owns a big chain of hotels, paid another experienced manager and his wife, the latter a University graduate, a joint salary of £2 10s. a week plus an annual bonus of £22.

The following case may interest those who are concerned for the "self-protection" of employers *vis-a-vis* their workers. Take the case of a large hotel in an evacuation area. Staff wages averaged £75 a week. The manager was instructed to introduce a 10 per cent. service charge. He did so, and printed notices on menus accordingly. The resulting fund, contributed in lieu of tips, was shared out among the staff on pay-days. After a few weeks he was ordered to cease this practice, and to impose instead a "guaranteed" wage system, under which the staff would be paid a gross total of £98 a week. The old scale of wages plus the average of the service fund amounted, however, to £110 a week. When he pointed this out to his head office, he was told that the 10% service charge was not intended to cover staff gratuities only, but also the guests' use of china, glass, cutlery and hotel furnishings; and that he must change the notice previously printed on the menus.

Space does not permit a comprehensive review here of conditions in the catering industry. But the experience of its baking section may serve as a guide to determine whether or not Mr. Bevin's Bill is justified. For many years before the war, the bakers' union had to rely upon a series of agreements with the master bakers. These were repeatedly broken by both large and small employers in all parts of the country, although they were honourably observed by certain firms, such as J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., who consistently paid their bakers 5s. a week above agreed minimum rates. Finally, in 1939, the Government granted Trade Board protection to workers in the baking industry.

Before the war their hours varied from 60 to as much as 100 a week, and their wages differed everywhere. To-day the custom of the trade persists to the extent that operatives in large bakeries work 54-60 hours weekly, and those in small concerns 60-70 hours. But overtime is now paid in excess of 48 hours, and at week ends; and there is a minimum rate in the lowest experienced grade of £3 2s. a week, plus 14s. war bonus, plus 10 per cent. for night work. And happily most of the master bakers seem, so far, to have avoided bankruptcy.

The other day I chanced upon some verses of Robert Browning, which I later repeated to Charlie, one of my friends in the kitchen of a great hotel.

> Because a man has shop to mind
> In time and place, since flesh must live,
> Needs spirit lack all life behind,
> All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
> All loves except what trade can give?
>
> I want to know a butcher paints
> A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
> Candlestick-maker much acquaints
> His soul with song, or, haply mute,
> Blows out his brains upon the flute.

His comment was: "Well, I suppose that's about what Bevin wants, too, but he can't say so in unparliamentary language. Anyway, Jack often makes up poetry in his spare time, so we seem to be getting on . . . though Ernie says it just proves he's a romantic maniac."

"SARATAR."

HEARTBREAK

"A FANTASY in the Russian manner on English themes"—that is the descriptive sub-title of *Heartbreak House*, published in 1919, first performed, if I remember right, in October, 1921. Technically this play was the result of the impact of Chehov upon Shaw the dramatist; in substance it was a work begotten upon his contempt for cultured, leisured, pre-fourteen England by—his jocular despair. It was begun before the unforeseen, undreamt of catastrophe of 1914, but finished, as the last act shows, in the midst of it. He held it back because he thought that it revealed what it was not expedient to expose while the issue was still in the balance; and when "the Germans," as he wrote in the preface, "might on any night have turned the last act from play to earnest, and even then might not have waited for their cues." This objection, of course, if ever sound, would apply more forcibly now. True, the youthful heroine's cry for bombs and more bombs, on which the curtain falls, wakes no responsive echo in our hearts to-day, but the audience manifested no desire to hoot. Nor have I spoken yet with anyone who considered that the picture presented of upper-class fecklessness and the idiotic egotism of business bosses in wartime could shake national morale. On the contrary the audience evidently enjoyed themselves thoroughly without misgivings. And no wonder. When *Heartbreak House* is as well performed as it is at the Cambridge Theatre, it is one of the most excitingly amusing and interesting of Shaw's plays. This is the best performance of it I have seen, including that of the Pitoeffs in Paris, both for individual acting (passages in certain parts present almost insuperable difficulties) and production and scenery. Miss Deborah Kerr as Ellie Dunn, Mr. Robert Donat as Captain Shotover, Mr. George Merrit as Boss Mangan (equally excellent at moments of arrogance, bewilderment or deflation), Mr. J. H. Roberts as Mazzini Dunn (an easier part, granted a temperamental turn for portraying mild sincerity), achieved a high distinction in their parts. The gestures and elocution of Miss Edith Evans (Hesione Hushaby) showed, as might be expected, a delightful comprehension of the part. Her acting was a triumph for the artist, but the woman could not sustain completely the role of an elderly but ever-young enchantress (Hesione, among Shaw's creations, is the last gleam of his love for Ellen Terry), Miss Isabel Jeans's fashionable languor as Lady Utterwood left little to be desired. Her confident and self-consciously poised voice perfectly suited the part, but I have a warning to give her; in looking after Lady Utterwood's pellucidly musical intonations, her articulation was apt to become indistinct. I was not far from the stage, yet some of her words escaped me. Hector Hushaby is one of those parts which it is impossible to unify completely. Mr. Vernon Kelso achieved what is possible in that direction by wisely keying down the acting of it, while his prosaic but dressy stolidity contrasted amusingly with the fantastic romanticism of that caricature. The tiny part of Nurse Guinness, which provides a spot of the normal in a world of eccentrics, and that of the oversimplified rotter, Randall, were well filled by Miss Amy Veness and Mr. Francis Lister. No actor in the world could make the Burglar significant, but Mr. Philip Godfrey strove splendidly to suggest that he was meant to be funny. The whole burglar episode is probably a mistake—certainly the identification of him with the ex-pirate and the long-lost husband of Nurse Guinness is a false note. Such incidents belong to the world of farce. Although Bernard Shaw's high-spirited agility in modulating out of serious and even poetic comedy into intellectual farce is one of his astonishing stage-gifts, he sometimes abuses it. I think he has done so here.

There! I have mentioned the whole cast, which a critic never does unless their playing together has been more than satisfactory. In one respect Miss Kerr may be said to prop up the whole play, for she is the only "Ellie" whose acting and personality have been as yet sympathetic and vivid enough to enable us to ignore the thundering impossibility of her sudden transformation from a chit of a girl green enough to swallow Hector's stories, into an acute, collected woman capable of exposing Mangan to himself and playing cat to his mouse. Much is said about "heartbreak" in the course of this play, and the characters in it seem to be valued according to the degree in which they have, thanks to it, approached a salutary disillusionment—topped, of course, by the old captain himself, who has very nearly become one of those "who are so sufficient to themselves that they are only happy when they are stripped of everything, even of hope." But, maturing as the shock may be for a girl in her teens to suddenly discover that her day-dream lover (an acquaintance who had enchanted her with stories of his daring) is married to her friend and an incorrigible liar, it would need more than that to make her discard all hope of love, all reliance on human nature. Only disillusionment in a relation where body and heart had been involved and emotions passionately reciprocated, or where some deep common aim had been betrayed, could possibly lead to such detachment as is indicated by Ellie's cry "I feel now as if there were nothing I could not do because *I want nothing*," and to the old man's comment, "That's the only real strength. That's genius." What has Ellie actually suffered? An excruciating humiliation on finding that her superb "Marcus Darnley" was only Mr. Hushaby! The discovery made her exclaim "I'm damning myself for being such a fool." It was in the right key; her later exclamation was not.

The love, and therefore also the kind of disillusionment, the kind of pain, which could alone have led to a conversion to the selfless life through "heartbreak" is nowhere represented in Shaw's drama. Love of the fancy, such as Ellie's, is there—gay, or silly, or wild-spirited; comradeship touched with childish humour because it is affection between man and woman, is there; sex-attraction indicated, but only as an impulse isolated from the emotional life of those concerned as completely as a trance under laughing-gas. The love that could account for Ellie's desolation never appears. Of course, if the dramatist had made Hushaby seduce her (and he is a man who, when embracing his sister-in-law, cannot resist a lustful kiss) . . . but who can imagine anything so painful, so unpleasant, occurring in a Shaw play as the seduction of a charming child by an elderly boaster! It would be intolerable to his sensitive delicacy to base a psychological situation on anything so ugly. He would far rather cook it as he has done.

When you come to think of it, does anything really painful ever occur on his stage? His themes may be ostensibly tragic or unpleasant—judged by the intellect, but by his treatment of them the impact on us of what is painful is muffled. Death occurs, but is it ever painful? True there was St. Joan, but history wrote that story; and Shaw was careful to explain that it was not in the agonies of the Maid, but in the fact that the world was unworthy of her that the tragedy lay. I cannot recall a moment of devastating grief for another in any of his plays; I cannot recall a single bad character in them who makes an impression, frightening or revolting, of evil. Mangan in this play is described as vermin that should be exterminated; he is condemned as socially and economically noxious. But in himself Mangan is not revolting; he is merely stupid, childish and even amiable. Bernard Shaw's drama is life depicted with the detachment of the Comic Spirit, not with the tragic detachment of one who has come through to the other side of suffering. It is the art of one who has seen, and seen very clearly, horrors and predicaments, but hardly felt them deeply. I hope some readers noticed a phrase I used at the beginning of this article—"his jocular despair."

I gather from Mr. E. Strauss's admirable book, *Bernard Shaw's Art and Socialism* (Gollancz, 6s.) that the dramatist himself even regards it, together

with *Back to Methuselah*, as his greatest artistic achievement. I have not been able to trace such a passage, but I emphatically disagree with it. *Back to Methuselah* is his most ambitious achievement, a very different thing; and *Heartbreak House*, in spite of its rare merits (he has never orchestrated dialogue better) is zig-zagged by a flaw from top to bottom.

It purports to be a picture of the upper-class intelligentsia of England during the last war; of an English country-house group corresponding in futility to Chehov's characters in *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya*, I repeat, in wartime. And there lies the flaw. As a picture of behaviour and talk in an English country house during the summer of nineteen-fifteen or sixteen or seventeen, or whenever the action is supposed to take place, the play has no relation to reality. Whatever cogency it might have had as an exposure of the recklessness of the cultured upper-class in England before the war, at the time when the characters and situations were conceived by the dramatist, has been falsified by his post-dating it in order to exhibit Nemesis in the form of falling bombs. Neither the denizens of Heartbreak House, nor those of Horseback Hall, behaved like the characters in this play when the catastrophe came. On the contrary their sons, in a spirit that was half joy of life, half willingness to die, volunteered at once; their women (enjoying themselves, but that is neither here nor there) ran hospitals and did war work. Why, this particular group would never have assembled under the roof of Captain Shotover at all! The Byronic Hushaby, so nauseated by an existence that made no demands on his devotion and courage that he lived in absurd day-dreams of romantic prowess, always seized every chance of risking his life, and now actually turns on the lights in defiance when German planes are overhead—to him the war would have been a godsend. He would have got to the front long before. Lady Utterwood, with cool, high-handed serenity, would be running a hospital in France. And can't I see Hesione dispensing coffee and charm at two in the morning to dazed, frozen, sleep-starved men at Boulogne station night after night; giving the glad-eye to generals and tommies alike, thus reawakening in them, though she may have a middle-age spread, that love of life which is so necessary to soldiers who have to die? Mazzini Dunn would be standing up, not to bullets, but to rotten eggs, as a pacifist and member of the Union of Democratic Control; and his daughter Ellie, torn between her devotion to him and her longing for activity, would either be singing to the troops at Poperinge or driving a car behind the lines. Yes, in actuality, the Ancient Mariner would have been left alone in his house, drinking his rum and brooding over his destructive invention and his bitter, brave old soul; growing even more convinced since war began that civilisation was hopeless. The floods may be out, but, Oh! who will torpedo the Ark? Perhaps Captain Shotover-Ibsen-Shaw?

Yet after all, what superb qualities the play has! Captain Shotover is one of Shaw's finest character-creations. Into him he has put what lies deep, though disguised, in him, his lack of faith in man. Again, here, for once he has created "atmosphere." This is the air which circulates in a ramshackle Palace of Truth and affects all who breathe it. Here lies the charm, the fun, the excitement of the play for us also. Under Captain Shotover's roof all barriers are down, all wigs are off, everyone speaks out of himself or herself. How embarrassing and painful for those not used to such an atmosphere, but for others what a relief! So that we, too, as we leave, feel like Ellie about it: "This silly house, this strangely happy home, this agonising house, this house without foundations. I shall call it Heartbreak House."

DESMOND MACCARTHY

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AN OPEN LETTER

MY DEAR KINGSLEY MARTIN,

For a long time now I have been one of your admirers, either by paying for the right, or, regrettably, by sharing a copy over a neighbour's shoulder in the train. You are, I should think, one of the most striking examples of the way things are going. It may have escaped your notice, for editors are busy men, that you have avowedly consumed many of your rivals, and actually print a list of the more notable corpses on your front page. But, you know, far more papers have died than are named in that list, and it seems at least possible that they may be buried in your cellar. There is a somewhat sinister air about that front-page list. It looks all open and above-board; but there is just a suggestion of a demon editor of Fleet Street. You see now what I mean if I compare you with an unsalvaged fragment of paper that shows which way the wind is blowing? We live nowadays in a world of planners. Everything is being tidied up, organised, or, in a word, standardised in the name of efficiency; and we look forward to a very brave new world where lions and lambs, having, on planned advice, changed coats, will do country dances together in an earthly paradise and, when the dance is over, read the only paper that has been left to them by a planned economy and your own amazing ability.

It is because of your extraordinary survival value that I thought it might be worth while to have a word with you about this business of planning. No one could plan you out of existence; and just because you are sure to have the last word, it is obviously important that you should say the right one. That, I think, would by itself be a good enough reason for addressing you; but I have an even better one. You are, if I may say so, emphatically on the right side. And you are on it in a most interesting fashion. Over and over again you are there just because it is the right side. Let me give you an example. In the Spanish Civil War you supported the Republicans; but you did not do it because you like the Republicans, or had family connections with them, or because you considered them models of what a political party should be, or even, I think, because you thought that they would govern Spain in an exemplary manner and give it everything that so long-suffering a country ought to have. You did it just because you thundering well thought it was right to do it. I could give you dozens of examples of the same sort of thing; and a glance through almost any issue finds you energetically championing a cause not because of its expedience in the circumstances of the moment, or for any of the lamentable reasons that draw the politicians to its support, but because it conforms with your absolute idea of what is right. You are not the sort of planner who collects statistics and works out an answer. You start with the answer, and would, I fancy, stick to it in spite of an adverse verdict from the statisticians.

That is an essentially religious attitude, and indeed I have often thought of you as our leading religious newspaper. When the religious man considers a social problem he knows what the answer ought to be, even though, like anyone else, he may find the particular circumstances of the problem's setting extremely difficult. He doesn't hunt round for an answer that will work, and then say that because it works it must be the right answer. When a solution is found in that way, the religious man is quite likely to say that it's the wrong solution. What makes him suspicious is his knowledge that evil is very real, and that therefore even the right answers don't always work. His uneasiness with the planners is due to his suspicion that they tend to leave that uncomfortable fact out of their calculations. They tend to think that the banking system will be quite all right if it is properly organised, and to overlook the cashier who bolts with the money in spite of the excellent system. They present us therefore with an unreasonably rosy prospect. You, I think, don't. You would go all out for the right system, and, remembering the defaulting cashier, offer us no guarantee that it will be faultless.

That seems to me very interesting. But what worries me about it is, that, so far as I can make out, you haven't the smallest idea of why you believe in your Good Cause. What is the absolute principle to which you refer before you choose your side? It is all very well to say that the strong should be compassionate to the weak; but why should they? It is possible to argue with some show of success that biology supports the ruthlessness of the strong, and, as you know, Hitler frankly disagrees with you. You would champion integrity whether in personal or international relations; but just how would you defend your position against a Japanese opponent? You would, I know, blame Mussolini for the peculiar character of his declaration of war against the Allies; but what reason would you give him for your disapproval? The point is important, for should the Axis partners succeed, and you don't claim any automatic success for your good cause, how do you propose to reply to their claim that success has proved them right? You would, of course, cheerfully enter a concentration camp or die rather than agree; but why?

You seem to possess a whole lot of absolutes, honesty, pity, justice, friendliness and the like, which you allow to govern your conduct, and yet to shrink from wondering where you got them from, or why on earth you should allow them to put you to so much inconvenience. I take it that it would be a lot easier, and just now much more profitable, to run one of your pornographic rivals than to worry yourself grey with a religious newspaper—well, why ever don't you? What makes you so sure that the things you stand for ought to be stood for?

As a matter of historical fact you are the inheritor of a view of life that has come to you through Christianity, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that you, like the great majority of English left-wing thinkers, came to your social problems from a religious background. The causes you uphold depend upon that view of life; the virtues you approve are religious virtues, and ultimately they depend upon a belief in God. Well, you went to Cambridge at a time when religious belief was at a discount after the last war. Many people were "disillusioned" just then; they felt that the Church, which they confused with the Christian religion, had had so long an innings that the world, if Christianity was right, ought to be very different from the world that had ruined their youth; they rejected it, and looked for hope to some reorganisation of the material factors of life. They remained fundamentally Christian so far as most of the major issues were concerned; but they stopped going to church, and they never mentioned God. People like you, and there were very many of you, stuck to your old virtues; but they no longer accepted the principles by which they had been established, and they took it for granted that they were secure simply in their own right, if you see what I mean. Now we have very bitterly learnt that they are not.

The danger of the position is this. People like you are all right; for whatever you think you believe, you can't get the Christianity out of your skin. The root of the matter is there, part of your being, and whatever happens you won't go Fascist. You simply couldn't worship the Great State. But there has been another generation since yours, and it has been taught by people like yourself. You were, I expect, taught the religion to which the virtues belonged, and you saw them in their proper, absolute setting; but you've been teaching the virtues minus the religion. Personally you can confront Hitler triumphant; but your pupils can't. They are the prey of any specious philosopher who sets up a graven image of pragmatic efficiency. You would be prepared to snap your fingers at efficiency; but though emotion might draw a similar gesture from them, concentration camps are potent arguments if you don't know why you are snapping your fingers. Were you a prisoner

of war in Germany, Nazi lectures would make no kind of impression on you; but would you feel quite so confident of the result of a similar experience on a man of, say, half your age?

Let me just point the moral, and then I've done. At the moment one of our most urgent problems is that of education, and particularly of the "dual system." Suppose we agree that the Church hasn't quite fulfilled its contract; many of its school buildings are bad; it has tended to concentrate its teaching on pieties rather than on the application of its principles to social and political life. There may be, that is to say, a good case for ending the somewhat anomalous position in which we find ourselves. But life being what you and I know it to be, there really isn't a case for getting religion out of the schools. On the contrary, it looks as though we haven't had nearly enough of it. It is ridiculous that we should feel uneasy about the possibilities of Fascism in England. But if we continue to send out into the world children who lack any knowledge of the real basis of the Good Life, we'll be feeling more than uneasy.

Well, as I said, short of a cosmic cataclysm, the last word is sure to be with you, so think it over, and believe me,

Yours with great respect,

Dartington. R. A. EDWARDS

[A reply to this interesting letter appears on page 219.—ED. N.S. & N.]

RECENT CONCERTS

DR. GOEBBELS is wont to taunt us with neglect of culture in wartime. As usual, his nose is tilted at the wrong angle: at no time in the pre-war years was there so large and varied a public for good literature, pictures, plays and music, as there is at present. In fact the demand hugely exceeds the possible supply, but this fact alone affords hope for the post-war period. Take, for instance, the admirable series of daily concerts now in progress at the Stoll Theatre, which employs the L.S.O., some of the best conductors available, and all the best soloists in the country. The programmes have up to now been carefully and sensibly chosen, giving a majority audience the best of what it already likes. It is to be hoped this venture will become a permanent seasonal institution.

At a far remove from this, and existing for quite a different purpose, we have the Morley College concerts. These are semi-private affairs (though seats can always be got on application to the College itself), planned on a long view and aimed at educating musicians and amateurs generally in a sense of style. The importance of such a scheme can scarcely be exaggerated, for a sense of style in the arts is what we in England most generally lack. These concerts are devised and conducted by Michael Tippett, who, by enthusiasm, intelligence and hard work has already succeeded in turning his little choir into one of the best ensembles of its kind in this country. Their singing, in a Purcell and Holst programme on March 13th, was remarkable for its accuracy, its balance and above all for the *sharp focus* of its tone. The small string orchestra which performed Holst's charming *St. Paul's Suite* displayed not only individual ability in plenty but the round, unwavering tone and the flexibility that are among the surest indications of a professional standard. The singing of Miss Miette Muthesius, in Holst's *Four Songs* for soprano and violin, showed these same qualities, though the volume was small. As these concerts proceed they will no doubt become more ambitious and will also include contemporary works. Morley College does not yet cater for the Stoll Theatre public, but, if all goes well, the post-war years should find that public enjoying works and performances which have been brought to light and trained by that far-sighted institution.

Last Saturday occurred the last but one of Mr. Gerald Cooper's Chamber Concerts which have been taking place at the Aeolian Hall since January. These concerts have been popular in the best sense, confining themselves on the whole to works of the classical repertory; and the level of performance has been consistently high. The last of the series, to be given on April 10th, will be a recital by Clifford Curzon, containing Schubert's posthumous sonata in B flat, and should on no account be missed. One hopes that Mr. Cooper has been sufficiently encouraged by the attendance at these concerts to embark on a further series in the autumn.

The fifth Boosey and Hawkes Concert was devoted to works by young contemporary composers (all English except for one, a South African). It proved, I regret to say, rather a grim affair. The first piece, a set of *Three Improvisations* for piano duet, by Arnold van Wyk, was beautifully played by Howard Ferguson and Denis Mathews. These Improvisations are simple, melodious, well-written and thoroughly pleasing in a traditional manner; there is always room for this kind of unpretentious music. The *Four Songs* for baritone and piano, by Aubrey Bowman, were very uneven. "And the Spring Remains" seemed to show that there is something here to be developed. As yet, however, Mr. Bowman has no style—or rather he has many, all jumbled together like a kaleidoscope. If he cultivates his lyrical imagination he may produce something remarkable; but let him toe a political line (one notes that he has studied mainly with Alan Bush) and he will surely come to grief.

The next two items in the programme—a *Piano Trio* by Bernard Stevens and a string *Trio* by Noel Mewton-Wood—provoke some general considerations. For the past hundred years and more it has been the custom among teachers of painting to start their pupils on water-colour. This (as Duncan Grant once pointed out to me) is a folly; for water-colour is—at any rate at first—a much more difficult medium to manage than oil paint. But, *pace* the Puritans, it is a mistake for a young practitioner of any art to scorn adventitious aids. So that when I find Messrs. Stevens and Mewton-Wood severely eschewing the brilliant and varied palette of the orchestra for the sepia of a trio, I feel in anticipation, for I know they are putting far too great a strain on their immature powers. It is impossible to guess from this work whether or not Mr. Stevens has anything of his own to say: at present the influence of Bush is so overpowering that his Trio is hardly more than an exercise in the manner of that composer's Piano Quintet. As was to be expected, his trio writing is unimaginative and insufficiently varied; and again, to attempt to write in so severely homogeneous a manner, dispensing with all contrast of themes within the movement, is to attempt a task beyond the technical equipment of any but an Old Master. Yet the opening sequence of this Trio shows that the composer has a sense of drama—of how to arrest attention, if not of how to keep it.

Mr. Mewton-Wood's Trio was a disappointment to me. An earlier work of his—a *Partita* for paino—had led me to expect something powerful and imaginative, even if grim and angular. But the aridity of this Trio has to be heard to be believed. To be sure, Mr. Mewton-Wood uses his ensemble with more ingenuity than Mr. Stevens, but the total effect of his relentless counterpoint is dull and ugly. Whatever the music of the future is like, it must not be like this, or the art will perish of galloping consumption.

Composers like Mr. Stevens and Mr. Mewton-Wood seem not to realise that players will not do them justice unless they give them music that is *fun to play*. The members of the Dorian String Quartet deserve much credit for the brave show they put up in both the Trios, but it could be seen from their faces that they found it impossible to enjoy the sounds they were called upon to produce.

Michael Tippett's *Second String Quartet* is in a different street from the foregoing works. Here is counterpoint that fits and sounds beautiful. The result is meaning. I should have preferred a homophonic first movement, in the interests of a greater variety of texture; but the existing first movement is in itself beautiful and interesting. The whole quartet is witty rather than profound, and every note sounds thoroughly intended. Further performances will no doubt reveal formal and thematic beauties—especially in the Andante—which a first hearing did not yield to ears already jaded by what had gone before.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

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THE MOVIES

"Fires Were Started," at the Tivoli and New Gallery
"Tales of Manhattan," at Warner's

Crown Film Unit, responsible for *Target for Tonight* and *Bomber Command*, have now made a film of the N.F.S. Those who found *Bomber Command* too slow—I was not one of them—will no doubt make the same objection to *Fires Were Started*. One critic, in fact, has already complained that there are not enough fires and that such fires as there are should have been a lot bigger. I think he misses the point, which is that by focusing our attention on a single "incident" during a night in the blitz, Humphrey Jennings builds up, without either hurry or failure, a drama that could not well be surpassed in excitement and intensity. The daylight scenes—men coming in one by one and setting about their jobs, a new arrival, glimpses of the control rooms and of dockland streets and the neighbouring river—stress the delay before nightfall and help to create suspense. We are given time to see into the daily routine and individual characters of the station personnel, and without this previous intimacy the later sequences of the men in action, fighting a warehouse fire in which one of them is killed, would lose half their effect. The end interweaves two themes—the fireman's funeral and the ammunition ship sailing off after the night untouched—and is beautifully managed. *Fires Were Started* creates its own tempo—which quite rightly is not that of the dramatic feature film—and brilliantly justifies it.

Tales of Manhattan was bound to disappoint. Look at the cast! The nine stars and "44 noted players" range from Boyer and Ginger Rogers to Charles Laughton and Paul Robeson, and there are ten names affixed to the script. The one director—Julien Duvivier—seems woefully isolated, and it is hardly surprising that the film, though varied and entertaining, should seem to be not altogether his. The tales have a nineteenth-century air, the adventures of a tail-coat being the thread on which a number of dramas are hung. Some good, some not so good. The idea is all right; it just doesn't quite come off.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Picasso and his Contemporaries, Gouaches by Frances Hodgkins, at the Lefevre

Picasso is not represented by any very important work in this exhibition, and several of the most pleasing pictures are by Vuillard and Bonnard, who belong, by birth and method of expression, to an earlier generation. The largest painting is a *fauve* Matisse. Superficially a coarse and even ugly work, it improves greatly upon acquaintance. It is magnificently assured and could have been produced only by a master. Another early Matisse, quite small, also rewards careful scrutiny. A Still Life of 1921 and a landscape of 1937 reveal the serious talent of Derain, and the sad use he has lately made of it, but a sketch for a large decoration, also fairly recent, is delightful. Modigliani's *Marthe* and two Utrillos of a good period are among the chief treasures of this exhibition. Braque and Segonzac also make for happiness. Miss Frances Hodgkins, on the other hand, with a dozen recent gouaches stands well up to her French contemporaries. She has a powerful imagination and great originality. Invention in colour is the most evident mark of what we do not hesitate to call her genius, yet one of the happiest of these gouaches is a quiet affair of greys and greens. Her sudden brush-strokes reveal an extraordinary mastery: indeed these recent works are the best she has yet shown. No living English painter exceeds her in certainty of execution.

Plays at the Arts Theatre

With a wonderful disregard of dinner hours, bombs, and last buses home, the Arts Theatre Club is giving a programme of three plays. Two of them, Synge's *The Well of the Saints* and Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, are Irish and eloquent, and they sandwich a damp little piece by Peter Ustinov, *Beyond*, about old men talking themselves out in a workhouse. *The Well of the Saints* is a fable of a blind beggar and his wife who regain their sight at the touch of holy water, and finding how ugly they are, relapse into the blindness

that made them happy. Mr. W. G. Fay gives a quiet and endearing performance as the "stump of a man." The talk and the character flow on delightfully, but the play is really over in the first act when their eyes are opened to reality; two more acts round off the story and provide opportunities for eloquence—the commination at the end of Act II and the evocation of sights and sounds in the last act. Shaw came rather late in the evening, and his Juan was brilliant and interminable. What speech-making! (It is that rather than conversation.) In an hour or so Shaw's universe is turned inside out—hell as the palace of art and lies, heaven as the abode of the masters of reality, the Life Force, marriage, death; it both is the most comprehensive of Shaw's prefaces and makes delicious fun from the situation of Mozart's characters pulling the scales off their eyes in another world. Mr. Alec Clunes, as Don Juan, gave a most spirited performance, and this was also (despite a not very attractive decor) the best produced of the plays.

Correspondence

DEMOCRACY AND BROADCASTING

SIR,—It is estimated that up to 20 millions of people in Britain alone may have heard the Prime Minister's recent Sunday night broadcast. Do we appreciate the enormous power for good or ill of this medium which enables the head of a government of to-day to talk into the homes of the majority of the people in the land without answer or argument? It is something that has grown up in our midst presenting to students of democracy as well as the Governors of the B.B.C. a problem which will require solution in the near future.

The Prime Minister's pronunciamento was mainly on post-war policy and on subjects which in the shape of a four-year plan may be issues at the next general election. In recent general elections the leaders of the various parties were given "time on the air" to state their case. If the parties or leaders of them are to continue in an after the war coalition it will be necessary as proposals crystallise for them to give their own version. But what of those who oppose—will a semi-government controlled radio give them their democratic rights? It would seem that on this as against war policy they are entitled to join the issue.

General Smuts once warned us of the dangers of a mass mentality. If this is to be avoided with the dangers of the single-party State, then clearly the radio truce must be superseded by fair discussion on "Reconstruction."

Already it is being said that he who controls the wireless controls the future! Millions who have never voted or thought on politics receive almost their sole education through the radio programmes.

In the last pensions debate only two back benchers (and one a Governor of the B.B.C.!) besides the Minister were reported or mentioned on the 9 o'clock News Parliamentary Report, whilst the *Manchester Guardian* reported 14, and the *Times* 11 speeches. Everyone appreciates the war necessity for economy in time and space. But may we not be drifting into a Fascist or government-controlled system or practice in presenting not only news, but opinions and information.

The difficulty is that we are a democracy at war, and at the same time as the Prime Minister suggested laying the foundations for peace. A serious responsibility rests with the B.B.C. to preserve the rights of democratic discussion, and at the same time facilitate the single-minded purpose of winning the war.

EDGAR GRANVILLE,
M.P. for Eye, Suffolk

POLICE POWERS

SIR,—It is not without a feeling of some temerity, which is not due solely to the fact that as a serving police officer I am debarred from writing to the Press, either officially or unofficially, on matters connected with police duty, that I take the liberty of writing to you.

I do, however, feel constrained to cross swords on the issue raised by you on March 13th under the title "Liberty of the Subject."

The trend of your argument seems to indicate a desire to encourage the thief and facilitate *his* continued liberty to the detriment of the honest citizen and the frustration of the diligent but probably equally honest policeman.

In the first place you may by chance have troubled to examine the crime figures issued annually by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis—that is those that are made available to the public—and to have, as a consequence, expressed some doubt as to the efficiency of the police service; the old cry "What are the police doing about it?"

In criticising this pre-war power held by certain police forces, you are pleased to deplore the existence of one of the most effective aids to crime detection and prevention. The number of crimes detected by this means exceeds by far the number of persons who express annoyance at being stopped, and by still far more the number of cases in which a blunder is made, which incidentally may be in fact contributed to largely by the attitude (to use your own words "perhaps foolish") of the individual questioned.

Presuming that it is unnecessary to convince you that the thief or the potential thief is not in the habit of notifying the police or public of his felonious intentions, and that the professional police officer is seldom endowed with occult or mind-reading powers in cases similar to the one you refer to, it is difficult for the ordinary policeman, such as myself, to think of any other satisfactory means of determining whether a person is in rightful possession of such property as an additional overcoat, a large carton of cigarettes or a wireless set, for instance, which he may be carrying through the street.

It should be noted that "reasonable suspicion" is not always aroused or dependent upon evasive answers to direct questioning. A guiding factor must always be "the time, the place and the circumstances," which must always be considered when deciding when or when not to stop, as distinct from the unrestricted liberty of the subject.

Again, it should also be remembered that apparent respectability or the possession of an old school tie is not necessarily the *sine qua non* of honesty.

In conclusion, I venture to suggest, that had the principal in the case you refer to been in fact a thief instead of an honest citizen, the overcoat in question been your own personal property, and, as a result of the stop, a valuable and perhaps treasured overcoat been restored to you, you may have in your mellow moments murmured "Good work," and have been thankful that police had weathered the storm in spite of the "spume." A LONDON POLICEMAN

[Is it the police argument, then, that if you want results you must not question methods? (No one would accuse the Gestapo of not getting results.) We did not "deplore the existence" of local police powers to "stop, search, and detain" because of the safeguard (to which, perhaps, we are entitled to draw attention) that legally the stopping must follow, *and not precede*, the suspicion—which, again, must be "reasonable." But we take occasion now to deplore that it should be conferred on a few local forces and withheld from all the others—it is important enough to be applied either universally or not at all, after the full Parliamentary examination accorded to a "public general statute." We have no knowledge (and neither, we suspect, has anyone else) of the "number of persons who express annoyance at being stopped," but we do not believe that the number of crimes *detected* by this means exceeds the number of mistakes made. The difficulty of determining "whether a person is in rightful possession of such property as an additional overcoat, a large carton of cigarettes, or a wireless set" has to be met somehow by the police in those numerous cities and counties (in point of fact, a majority) where this statutory power does not

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exist; and their annual "crime figures" do not reflect any grave disadvantage. Stealing is, after all, a felony, and "reasonable" suspicion of felony is a sound common law basis for police action; but a constable who has to rely on the Larceny Act and the common law seems, for some reason, to use more discretion in pulling people up.—ED., N.S. & N.]

THE WOMAN'S VOTE

SIR,—I read with interest the article "Integrity of Parliament," as I am one who is not a part of the democratic structure on two counts covered by that article:

1. I am twenty-five.
2. My home has moved since 1935.

But I am disqualified on another count which does not seem to be realised by the author of the article or, indeed, by many well-informed people, namely, that none of the Women's Services, absent from their homes, can vote. The terms of the "Absent Voters" Act have never been amended to include women.

May I suggest that this point be brought before the public in future articles on this subject?

KAY M. WRIGHT,
Sgt., A.T.S.

F.R.P.S.

SIR,—I regret to read in your issue of March 27th an attack on that excellent organisation the Foreign Research and Press Service. I am quite sure that Professor Toynbee could never wittingly associate himself with what you describe as "ungentlemanly conduct." As a voluntary helper under his leadership it was my privilege to be inspired by the piety of the atmosphere he created—which I hope he will now spread into the Foreign Office as well—and, in default of a more able pen, I should like to take up the cudgels in defence of the F.R.P.S.

It is not perhaps generally realised that this wartime organisation of Chatham House has been labouring under great difficulties for almost the whole period of its existence. Criticism from M.P.s (who should have something better to do), resulting in the lowering of its Treasury grant to £55,000 per annum instead of the £85,000 it was promised by the Government, coupled with the luring away of the cream of its personnel by various Government Departments, are not the best conditions for fostering good work! In trying circumstances I think the F.R.P.S. has put up a very gallant fight. Had it been given more scope it would undoubtedly have played a really significant part in our war effort.

I for one am therefore very glad to see the F.R.P.S. incorporated in the Foreign Office, and thus given an official status which will do much to remove that feeling of frustration which one frequently, alas, felt among its members—and which caused so many of its original and gifted staff to seek other employment. We in the F.R.P.S. never quite knew whether the products of our labours were receiving the attention we felt they deserved, though we realised that Professor Toynbee always worked untiringly to this end.

Lastly—but by no means least—those members of the British Public who try to retain their sense of proportion in the midst of the general (and quite understandable) current enthusiasm for Soviet Russia will be glad to see the less uncritical elements in the Foreign Office strengthened by the giving of an important position in it to Professor Toynbee, whose attitude towards that country had always been one of judicious reserve.

FAIR PLAY

STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—Major, R.A.M.C., has, I am afraid, read my article on "Socialism and the Individual" without much care or understanding. He does not seem to realise that I was writing entirely from the point of view of the patient, and not from that of a doctor prejudiced in favour of the "good old times." Nor does he seem to realise the spirit and fundamental principles of Hitlerism. His letter, indeed, is a typical expression of the Hitlerian anti-democratic view point.

I dealt only with the relation that should obtain between the patient and his family doctor; not that which might well obtain—and inevitably will obtain—between the patient and the Medical Officer of Health, or the consultant or the hospital surgeon. I, personally, am in favour of the panel doctor being prohibited from accepting a fee of any kind from any patient; but I would not hinder any doctor from declining panel work and taking his chance as a non-panel practitioner. The essentials of Democratic Socialism, as contrasted with those of the so-called National Socialism of present-day Germany, would surely be met if everyone of any class were entitled, without payment to the doctor of his choice, to a complete medical service. Even the conservative *British Medical Journal*, in the course of a leading article published in February of this year, says that there is general acceptance by the B.M.A. "that the scope of National Health Iinsurance should include consultant and other services"; and should be available to all but the richer tenth of the population; and the leader winds up with the reservation that the doctor must not be the servant of the State—"the doctor must be the servant of his patient."

I advise Major, R.A.M.C., to read a little more carefully the last few lines of the fourth paragraph of my article, and the whole of the fifth. From the Socialist point of view the important thing is that on money transaction shall pass directly between the family doctor and his patient; and that the poorest should have equal opportunity with the richest of obtaining the services of all the specialist and institutional amenities that the country can provide.

After all, competition between panel doctors to attract patients, by giving extra attention and winning their confidence and affection, involves dangers far less harmful than would be involved in competition for the favour of superior officers, or committees, or State Departments.

HARRY ROBERTS

NIETZSCHE AND VOLTAIRE

SIR,—May I assure Mr. Oscar Levy that I agree with him that Nietzsche (apart from his disciples) was not an enemy of Voltaire? The sentence which he attributes to me was a translation from Julian Benda. To make this clear I employed two literary devices: (1) putting the whole passage in inverted commas; (2) prefacing it with the words "writing years before the war, he said." I do not contest Mr. Levy's claim to care more for freedom of thought than I do, but I cannot allow him to extend this freedom to include misrepresentation.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

INTELLECTUALS

SIR,—When Mr. Cyril Connolly writes of "the appalling mess this country has got into through being run entirely by intellectuals," is he trying to shift the blame for the mess from the shoulders of the National Government led successively by Lord Baldwin and the late Mr. Chamberlain? Or is he endeavouring to endow the Tory party and the semi-morons usually associated with Big Business and vested interests, with a virtue—or vice—previously unsuspected?

MALCOLM ELWIN
Little Raveley,
Woody Bay,
N. Devon.

[Mr. Connolly's remarks were written with irony but as another correspondent made the same mistake we hasten to explain that Mr. Connolly was castigating some anti-intellectualists who, to cover the errors of their own kind, suggest that in future university education should train for "toughness" instead of for mental development.—ED., N.S. & N.]

SUNDAY THEATRES

SIR,—Suggested solution of Sunday Theatre difficulty: a clause in the Bill forbidding the opening of theatres on Mondays. Result: six-day week, no more "dead" Monday-night houses and the actor on his day off can amuse himself in any way except by going to the theatre.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHY do we go on reading books about Germany? Not for information, surely; what was once *terra incognita* has been so thoroughly explored that now we know almost more about living under the Third Reich than we do about ourselves. Our meat ration, our chances of drink or travel, can be weighed against theirs. Berlin gets raided, and within forty-eight hours we are talking about the streets that copped it. Hitler has a cold. Hitler's favourite composer is Bruckner. (Who, by the way, is Churchill's?) Corner-seat in the train tells you how many divisions have been shifted from France to Russia. What the average German reads and listens to, his earnings and hardships and aspirations, Henderson and Co. before Munich, Wodehouse over the teacups in the Adlon, the latest Goebbels affair, the people's car, synthetic coffee and synthetic oil, the new dive-bomber; visibility over the Continent seems everywhere good, and it's only when we return to our own fogbound shores that we begin to feel that everything is not, after all, clear as daylight. Doubtless the appetite for facts about one's enemy is insatiable and all the facts may not be true; but it is a fairly complete picture. War habit more than curiosity seems responsible, until—in some volume with the title *Is Germany Cracking?* or *Inside Hitler*—a stray sentence reveals our motive. The author says something that, instead of piling on more detail, hints at the pattern—a comment, perhaps, on the religious nature of Hitler's relation to his people, or on the fact that idealism can be low-minded as well as high. For an instant the conventional view of Fascism, a perspective of manifestoes and events, acquires unexpected lights; the Nazis are no longer tigers or buffoons or Martians, but human beings who can be comprehended. Fear, of course, enters largely into our attitude, and some distortion is inevitable; but the less we distort, the better our chances (with Hitler defeated) of escaping eventual Fascism. As winners we should have to be emotionally on guard against the ideas we had been fighting. The best defence in that more insidious battle will be, not the traditional weapons of humour or moral indignation, but an understanding of the sources, conflicts and emotional appeal of Fascism. Without some such understanding it is at least possible that a majority of Englishmen might one day go Fascist without knowing it.

I have been reading, and rereading, a book which is fresh despite its title: *The Psychology of Fascism.** The Nazi man of fact and legend is its subject. His waxwork, catching the eye daily at the entrance to a new chamber of horrors, had grown both overfamiliar and monstrous; Gunther, Shirer and the rest had done a thorough reporting job; and to the record Mr. Peter Nathan, a medical psychologist with knowledge of Germany, now adds the interpretation. *The* interpretation? Of course not, though for the moment one may be tempted to think so. Mr. Nathan carries the reader forward by leaps and bounds, so that understanding seems incalculably enlarged, but perhaps it will be better to accept his book as a brilliant first step. The psychological approach to politics has been hitherto exceedingly wary (Trotter's *Instincts of the Herd* is one of the few respectable essays in this field), and Mr. Nathan's abandon is infectious. He interprets, generalises, compresses, brings near. He has opinions. The usual accompaniments of the analytic *chaise longue*—endless elaboration and loss of outline—are missing. *The Psychology of Fascism* is intelligent, readable, and open to debate.

Mr. Nathan begins with our attitude towards being governed. There are, he argues, at least four aspects of government existing in our minds: (1) Government identified with our parents; (2) government identified with our consciences; (3) government as the institution of government; (4) the actual government in power, seen as it really is. The first three, though indistinct and submerged, are most important, and according to Mr. Nathan guilt feelings towards one's father largely determine one's politics. The conservative suppresses his feelings and goes die-hard, the self-tormentor becomes a radical, the Fascist and the Communist are both, in different ways, expiating their overthrow of authority; revolution is followed by the harshest tyranny of all. All of us seek in politics the release of an inner conflict, and Fascism especially provides forms and beliefs in which guilt feelings can be projected. As an example of projection in the sphere of Nazi politics Mr. Nathan cites the legend of the big blonde race relegating all evil to the Jew, who must then be punished as a child punishes a doll. Similar patterns of behaviour are found not only in children's play but in primitive ritual (Egyptians at nightfall "protecting" the sun-god against the powers of darkness) and in the behaviour of neurotics and criminals.

> One of the most illuminating passages of *Mein Kampf* shows the results of this mechanism occurring in Hitler. "The black-haired Jew-boy lies in wait for hours, his face lighted by satanic joy, to attack the unsuspecting girl . . . with deliberate intent these black, human parasites rape our young, inexperienced, fair-haired maidens, destroying what no power on earth can restore again." We notice "black-haired" and again "black parasites"; also that the colour bar is against the "blacks," that the devil is black, or that he appears as a black dog. This is another symbol of the repressed, secret, dark and filthy part of ourselves; it is a universal symbol, shared for example by the Indians, who paint their princes and gods as pale people.
>
> From this symbol arises the Aryan illusion. If the dark races stand for all the evil in the soul of man, then the blonde races stand for the opposite. All goodness, nobility, all the aspirations and strivings, all the ideals of man are pictured by the fair-haired, blue-eyed Nordic. This illusion has such a grip on the Fascists of North Europe and Germany that they intend to try and breed a pure race of blue-eyed blondes. This seems to them the highest aim; all the problems of the world would be solved if there were a race of fair-haired people dominating, spurning, and keeping in their places the dark-haired and the dark-skinned on the earth. This fantastic nonsense is only understood when one realises that it is another way of saying: All our problems would be at an end if the civilised parts of ourselves were no longer in conflict with the "animal" parts of ourselves. The strangeness of the fact that none of the Italian or Spanish Fascist leaders, and, indeed, none of their own German leaders are blonde, does not strike the Germans or the leaders themselves; for in their eyes they stand for the "good" side of humanity and are therefore automatically associated with the blondes.

And Mr. Nathan goes on to discuss the part played by hair coloration in psychic life: many people begin their description of others with the colour of the hair: angels are golden-haired and sexless, devils black and lascivious, etc. It will be noticed that the criticism here ranges over politics, religion, myth, symbolism and everyday life, and that Mr. Nathan, while employing the technique of Freud and Jung, talks refreshingly off his own bat. He is an intuitive. He happens also to be a psychologist; he sees unusual connections—as Auden, for example, has done in poetry—and jumps at them. Fellow analysts, no doubt, will have their own judgment to pass on Mr. Nathan, but for the ordinary reader the test is simple: how much illumination does he bring to his subject? A great deal, I think. We know Fascism and the individual Fascist more intimately for reading his book.

Fascism is pagan, mystical, aggressive, individualist, homosexual. It appeals first to national inferiority and next to inferiority in the individual. (If the Treaty of Versailles hadn't existed, Hitler would have invented it.) It opposes Christianity, and all religion which protects the weak, with the blood brotherhood. It puts the male back on his pedestal. It nationalises crime. It regards war as the highest, the only possible, existence for heroes. Its doctrine is that of the chosen race, of inspired leadership, and its forerunners are Judah, Sparta, feudal Japan, the Crusaders. Magic is revived in its crudest form by combining the methods of the witch-doctor and the quack advertiser. Belief follows incantation. Here is Mussolini setting up his patent in 1922: "We have created our myth. The myth is a faith, it is passion. It is not necessary that it shall be a reality. It is a reality by the fact that it is a goal, a hope, a faith, that it is courage. Our myth is the Nation, our myth is the greatness of the Nation!" The grin, according to Hitler and Mussolini, will produce the Cheshire cat; and in a world with God's Englishman a little less sure of himself, and the Yank and the Russian busy at home, why not?

The most disturbing chapter in Mr. Nathan's book deals with the emotional satisfactions of the individual and is called "Fascism Makes You Feel Good." Disturbing, because while the parades and incantations seem ludicrously remote, this "warm feeling" is nearer home.

> For deep down each one of us feels that he has an historical mission to fulfil, that he is to leave some mark on the world, so that he will be remembered after death. The wish gives rise to day-dreaming and fantasies. Fascism allows and encourages the day-dream to become fact; and the fulfilment of a fantasy in reality is always one of the deepest and most satisfactory kinds of happiness. One is a hero, a hell of a fellow, doing a man's job: this is what Fascism sets out to make you feel. All is aimed at reinforcing the illusion of greatness. All is turned out, exhibited, staged, hence the uniforms, the mass formation, the gigantic symbols, the dramatic effects. And the Fascists know that man does not live by bread alone. The increased community feeling, the feeling of being important, these things do away with, at least temporarily, the feeling of inferiority in each individual.

Englishmen, except for a few followers of Mosley and Buchman, haven't felt so good in the years *entre deux guerres*. Conservatism or Socialism, monarchy, football matches, and the Church of England—summed up now in the word "democracy"—exert at the most a lukewarm appeal which cannot drag us far from our personal castles and ivory towers. Individual neuroses find an outlet in hobbies and eccentricity. We have refused even the melodrama of gangsterdom. Our solution is still essentially Christian, and being unable (except on rare occasions) to love our neighbours, we are kind to animals instead. If Mr. Nathan should ever write a companion volume on the character of the modern Englishman, I expect to find chief place in it given to the dog. Even Mr. Churchill, glowing from earlier centuries, isn't a lion but a bulldog.

One doesn't have to agree with all the opinions dotted about Mr. Nathan's book. He is anti-Christian and, apparently, pro-Nietzschean; believes that Fascism, despite its hysteria and destructiveness, is a step on the road towards Socialism; and accords to the father-figure of childhood an overwhelming importance which many will think exaggerated. Better, though, to be lively than safely dull, and no one, I think, who reads this book will deny its stimulation and an insight that is often remarkable.

G. W. STONIER

* *The Psychology of Fascism.* By Peter Nathan. Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

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THE CROMWELLIAN REVOLUTION

Men of Substance: Henry Parker and Henry Robinson. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

Professor Jordan is already well known to English historians for his ample and learned history of religious toleration in England from the Reformation to the Restoration. His new work has many of the merits, if, also, some of the defects, of his earlier writing. He is determined that no fact, however minute, shall escape his notice. He insists that the reader shall have before him a detailed map, as it were, of the immense ground over which he himself has travelled. Since Professor Jordan has clearly not spared himself, he cannot bear not to share his materials with us, with the result that it is a little difficult not to feel that Professor Jordan writes as though life is set by the categories of geological time.

The present book discusses two men, both of whom defended with great ability and profound insight that Revolution of which Cromwell was the chief practical architect. Henry Parker, the member of an old county family, was perhaps the most effective of the writers who pamphleteered, in a quasi-official status, for Parliament against the claims of Charles. A republican who was willing to accept a limited monarchy for convenience's sake, an Erastian, much after the fashion of Hobbes, in religious matters, the ardent defender of the merchant-class as the bulwark of a state's prosperity, he saw, perhaps as clearly as any man of his time, the inevitability of the Cromwellian Revolution as a necessary reorganisation of a system which hampered expansion at every turn. He had the hard clarity of insight into the meaning of particulars of the man to whom efficiency in the institutions of administration is perhaps the highest good. Precision in statement, realism in analysis, a certain cold indignation with the men who dreamed dreams, either of a renovated past, or a Utopian future, these were his essential qualities. He scores his points ruthlessly, like a prosecuting barrister who knows just how much will persuade the jury to give him his verdict. He exercised great influence because he never aimed so high that the men of substance who knew, in a broad way, just what they wanted, could not recognise in his pamphlets an extraordinarily effective expression of what they wanted.

Henry Robinson is a much more interesting figure. The descendant of a long line of successful merchants who had begun, like most of their tribe, to stretch out long fingers to the land, well travelled, experienced both in the ways of Whitehall and the City, his interest is less political than religious and economic. In religion he wrote a plea for liberty of conscience, built upon his faith in the right of an unfettered reason to discover its own spiritual empire, which is not wholly unworthy to stand, alike in imaginative insight and eloquence, with Milton's great prose epic, written a year later. His pleas for legal reform are, in my own judgment, by far the most remarkable analysis of the defects of the legal system which were made in England till the time of Jeremy Bentham. In the economic field he saw that a great commercial revolution was being effected, and it is difficult to know whether to admire more the skill with which he dissected its nature, and staked its claim to recognition, or the honesty with which he admitted the price that would have to be paid for it, and the need to erect safeguards against its dangers. All in all, it would be definitely no more than justice to say that only Hobbes and Locke, in his century, surpassed him in the power to marshal the claims of that rising middle class the implications of whose authority he saw so plainly.

All of this Professor Jordan sets out exhaustively. He sees that, with all the changes they urged and welcomed, Parker and Robinson were the attorneys for property, that they feared Selburne and his like at least as much as they feared the Crown. They were steeped in the habits of thought and practice of the business man to whom the acquisitive impulse is, when it succeeds, the proof of virtue, and those who either arrest its success, like Laud or Stafford, or seek by Act of Parliament, like Selburne, to give the unsuccessful that chance which the free play of the market would deny them, seemed to Parker, and, though in a less degree, Robinson, something very like the enemies of mankind. Professor Jordan calls them "conservative revolutionaries." It is simpler to say that they thought the Parliament-men justified in fighting for their rights because any compromise with a system in which Charles and Laud and Stafford set the canons of social and economic behaviour would prevent the attainment of that great new wealth which awaited exploitation. They understood that the mediæval standards which sanctioned the business ethics of the fifty years before the Civil War were inadequate in principle and unfortunate in their instruments. When those who defended the old standards were the State-power, and refused by consent to loose their hold upon it, men like Parker said bluntly that the holders of the State-power must be changed. And, like all supporters of the makers of a successful revolution, once they saw those in power who made their thought the deed, they were quick to defend it against men who, like Selburne or Winstanley, would have pushed it further to a point where the end they desired would have been in jeopardy. Cromwell attacked the levellers, with their approval, for exactly the same reason as the Jacobins attacked the *enragés*, or Lenin attacked the "infantile malady of left-wing Communism." Every revolutionist is bound to be a Conservative while he is effecting in office the consolidation of his principles.

Professor Jordan tells his story so that it is beyond the possibility of mistake. My complaint of his book is that so exhaustive are the summaries of the tracts written by his heroes that he here prints, that one would have enjoyed more the quality of their effort, if Professor Jordan had allowed them to speak for themselves. A reprint of perhaps three of Parker's tracts in full, with extracts from two or three others, a reprint of the four principal tracts of Robinson, and extracts, again, of three others, would have saved us from these rather lumbering digests of Professor Jordan, with his punctual bestowal, at the end of each, of a few well-chosen epithets of praise, rather like a bishop commending the scholarship boys at a public school prize-giving—the book is far too long and repetitious for its subject-matter. Its very method deprives it of the vitality and excitement that ought to be inherent in its subject-matter. Too much detail is given us about the minor premises to enable the majors to stand out in their full perspective. And, learned and ardent as Professor Jordan is, the result of his method, if I may say so, is to make Parker and Robinson appear like rather cool and detached Bostonians of the middle Fifties who, while they have repeated the architectonic pessimism of Jonathan Edwards, are compelled to regard with chilly disapproval the new enthusiasms of Channing and Alcott and Orestes Brownson. This is false to the atmosphere of the time. It was a period when men felt passionately about the values for which they were prepared to risk their heads. The very influence of Parker and Robinson lay in the pungency of the emotion they brought to the strength of their principles. Religion, politics, economics, were all woven into one majestic whole in the pattern of which, in their very different ways, Laud and Cromwell saw the purpose of God and their own claim to salvation. It was, indeed, the very fact that men read in Hobbes's pages his cynical amusement at petty squabbles he thought unfit for grown men that made Hobbes seem dangerous to his contemporaries. Professor Jordan's way of writing history gives us the bare bones with a fine anatomical precision; but a skeleton must have flesh and blood if it is to become a man and influence other men. The only skeletons that have affected history are those that we keep in the cupboard.

HAROLD J. LASKI

PLANNING FOR PARADISE

A Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy: Sections 1-5. Sauces, 3s. 6d.; Fish, 6s.; Vegetables, 6s.; Fruit, 7s. 6d.; Cereals, 7s. 6d. Edited by André Simon. *Wine and Food Society.*

> . . . So down they sat
> And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
> The Angel, nor in mist, (the common gloss
> Of Theologians); but with keen dispatch
> Of real hunger and concoctive heat
> To transubstantiate:

I quote this passage from *Paradise Lost* because there exists, peculiar to this country, a Puritan minority who object to food being mentioned, who are ashamed of their appetite and do their best to destroy their neighbour's. Before they go at these books let them read this quotation and take notice that what furnished pleasure for an angel is quite properly an absorbing interest for M. André Simon.

The Wine and Food Society, before the war, was gradually transferring the emphasis on eating in this country from quantity to quality. Their huge celebrations were not always the best means of achieving this, but in many other ways they helped people to appreciate good cheap wines, natural resources, and simple cooking, and they were beginning to make an impression on the hitherto impregnable hedgehog of expensive second-rate English hotels. Since the war much of their activity has had to stop. The Encyclopædia therefore appears as the winter task of the fraternity before happier times permit them to resume operations in the field. It is an admirable production: M. Simon never forgets that everything we eat has two aspects—in the kitchen as a food, and outside as part of the mysterious world of nature, infinite in variety and purpose. He holds this balance throughout, he gives us the best French, English, and American ways of cooking every known dish, and he also gives us a brief note on the nature and habitat of "what the garden choicest bears." The books are also delightfully printed by the Curwen Press.

The Wine and Food Society does not ignore the war, but, like the Papacy, it looks a long way ahead. The recipes in these volumes are many of them impracticable. It seems at first as if "Boiled Potatoes" is the only recipe in these five volumes with an immediate significance. Yet, tucked away, there are many useful wartime hints, particularly in Vol. III (vegetables). The real purpose of the encyclopædia, however, is to enlarge our knowledge of what may be eaten, how it may best be eaten, with a warning sometimes of how we have been cooking it wrongly. It is a blue-print for our gastronomic expansion after the war, a magnificent set of forward-looking bedside volumes. There are bound to be omissions, for wartime has made it impossible to consult international authorities, and the home of good cooking and good sense in cooking is forbidden to us, but a careful inspection of the fish section, for instance, has revealed nothing more serious than the leaving out of *calamares en su tinto* (cuttlefish) and the unjust dismissal of the delicious "mostèle" as an ingredient of Bouillabaisse. The Sauces section is concerned chiefly with herbs; the Editor regrets that England is supposed to have a hundred religions and only one sauce, and wishes the converse were true. He tries to remove our inferiority feeling by printing only sauces which can be made at home and which are not beyond the reach of an ordinary cook. He shows how a revolution in sauces has come about and how the light and delicate "fumets" and "essences" have driven out the "Espagnole" and "Allemande," the roux brun and blond, the thick disguising floury sauces of our ancestors.

The fish section attempts to clear up the careless and decadent nomenclature of fish, which leads to such confusion: bass, dogfish, rock salmon, rock lobster, crayfish, crawfish, Dover sole, lemon sole, Torbay sole, are investigated, and innumerable ways of cooking them are produced. The reader of this section, when next he

sees a fish, will have an entirely new conception of its properties. There is a valuable ruling that lobsters and crabs do not suffer if put alive into cold water which is slowly brought to boil, but go through a minute's agony when thrown into water which is already boiling. Many unusual but edible fishes found in our waters are dealt with here, but since we cannot all be fishermen it is the vegetable section which becomes of real practical importance to wartime housewives. It adds new greenery of all kinds to the larder, with invaluable instructions on how to prepare them. Nettles, nasturtium, bracken, the right way to cook cabbages and leeks, the wrong way to cook potatoes, all are here, and an *ex cathedra* statement on classic salad and the classic dressing. Melons are perhaps wrongly included in this volume, nor described with all the enthusiasm one hoped for, and as for the cereal section, it is not for the fat, being an endless catalogue of cakes, pastries, puddings, and breakfast foods. We learn why Bath Olivers are called Oliver, and Crêpes Suzette Suzette, how to make the humble porridge and the preposterous Angel Cake.

Everybody has some food for which they have a special affinity. To Pythagoras the bean, to this reviewer fruit. In the first volume we take wings, we sample endless varieties of fig, grape, and nectarine. We compare the flavour of the mangosteen with the monstera deliciosa or the durian, dear to tigers, with the guabiyu, "which the Indians have so far been alone to enjoy," and return to the strawberries, apples, Kentish cobs, and gooseberry pies in which we lead the world. This volume contains a complete bilingual index to all products of the earth hitherto mentioned.

Whatever the war destroys it cannot destroy the weather and so it is legitimate to look forward to a time when all the musky flasks of sugar and sunshine with their painted containers, oranges, pineapples, bananas, grapes, and even avocado pears, return to the audience who had grown to love them, and it is legitimate to console ourselves, in this drear period, with the thought of M. André Simon working quietly away on his three remaining volumes—*Birds and their Eggs, Meat,* and lastly *Wine*. To criticise these activities as untimely when Europe starves is to create a dangerous precedent, for to read about food is quite a different process from eating it. If we apply the Kharkov test, however, then what grounds are there for the theatre, the cinema, and racing to exist in such a moment? Or books and their reviewers?

CYRIL CONNOLLY

REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY

Reflections on History. By JAKOB BURCKHARDT. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In his *Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen*, which with Vico's *Scienza Nuova* and Lord Acton's *History of Freedom* is perhaps the deepest and wisest book produced by Western historical thought, Jakob Burckhardt, the great Swiss historian, sums up the whole breadth of his historical vision.

It appears to be doubtful whether Burckhardt would ever have published the *Reflections*, to which, when he delivered them as lectures, he gave the much more modest title of "On the Study of History." This unique work, which now at long last has found an English publisher, is a sociological history of the Western peoples. The theme is man, his actions and his sufferings, how he is formed by three influences—State, Religion, and Culture—and what form his actions and creative powers impose on these three influences.

The central idea of Burckhardt's historical sociology which, in contrast to that of some of our modern sociologists, is not a play with empty words, lies in his working out of cross-sections rather than of chronological periods, as is the usual historical practice. Burckhardt has a fundamental mistrust of the chronological, progressive, stage-by-stage method. What interests him are the factors that remain constant throughout history, the typical elements, and such things are only to be made plain by a cross-sectional treatment of history. States are founded, they rise to power, and crises cause them either to crumble away or to gain renewed strength. This is true not only of political history. Religions, too, are constantly being founded anew; they find adherents, are adopted in other countries, or take on a new form. These manifestations, too, represent for Burckhardt historical phenomena. The only permanent factors of history, in his view, are art and true culture. Here man fulfils himself, here he creates something permanent which we never grow weary of contemplating. It is only in the sphere of culture that we encounter the world of freedom. State and religion are spheres in which compulsion reigns.

While Burckhardt defines State, religion and culture as the most important historical factors, the crises of world history—wars, invasions, revolutions—represent for him accelerated processes which occur throughout history. It is they which form his real theme, for it is in crises that the real nature of man is revealed, the nature that remains unchangeable throughout all vicissitudes.

Burckhardt saw in the State the incarnation of power: and power as such he held to be an evil thing. Here he comes very near to Lord Acton's political philosophy. In the safe seclusion of the city-state of Basle, keeping a sceptical watch over the fate of three great Powers, France, Italy, and Germany, he inclined to agree with Aristotle who denied the character of "State" to the rapidly growing Great Powers of the ancient world. The boundaries of a State should be limited by what the human eye can span.

Corresponding to this, Burckhardt saw in the rising modern mass-states an organised threat to the whole of human culture. He analysed the full danger of the plebiscitary dictatorship of Napoleon I as he had himself consciously experienced it in all its stages and uttered warnings against the imitation of that dictatorship under a lesser man, Louis Napoleon. He also refused to trust far either the new Italian National State or Bismarck's *Reich*. An outward show is deceiving. The foundations are not solidly built. The great crisis which began in 1789 will have far-reaching effects. Greater crises are ahead of us. Here Burckhardt's analysis of history has much in common with the thought of his great contemporaries Nietzsche and Alexis de Tocqueville. And here, Burckhardt can serve us as guide in the darkness of our crisis-shaken present.

All his life long he was an unswerving guardian of freedom. He took every care to preserve his own personal liberty, dignity, and independence. He wanted nothing more than to be a teacher of history, and an exponent of the lasting values of Western art, culture and education—education in the sense of the Greek "paideia"—to a generation threatened by the final levelling-up and enslavement. He was, in fact, a modern Epicurus. Like Epicurus and his school he enjoyed in perfect contemplation his renunciation of any share in a State he held to be already degenerated.

It would be a misunderstanding of this attitude to interpret it as a cowardly escape from reality. The strength of a policy, if one keeps Burckhardt's example before one's eyes, lies in the ability to make a compromise with the "degenerated State" and to co-operate in bringing about its improvement and reform. To adopt a policy implies the renunciation of the unattain-

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able. Only he who can take this renunciation upon himself, and who yet at the same time can continue to aspire to that unattainable good and beauty which Jakob Burckhardt served throughout his life, can, in an attainable world, retain glimmerings of the unattainable.

This perhaps is the message of the *Reflections*. Mr. M. D. Hottinger's translation is solid though it does not always convey Burckhardt's dynamic and powerful style. The translator's introductory note is somewhat sketchy and it is also to be regretted that he chose not to include some of the important fragments to the *Reflections* as embodied in Vol. VII of the *Gesamtausgabe*. Moreover, an index and some annotations would seem to be indispensable for the ordinary reader. But these reservations should not detract us from being deeply grateful to publishers and translator alike.

J. P. MAYER

GOOD EUROPEAN

This I Have Seen. By JUDITH LISTOWEL. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Take a child of Italo-Hungarian blood, rear her in Hungarian diplomatic circles, scholarship her to the London School of Economics, marry her to a Left-Wing Irish earl, and what do you get? Well, almost anything, depending on the elements of character subjected to such a chemistry. The chief elements apparent in this autobiography are curiosity, courage, eagerness for life. The result is a lively book, of the *Inside Europe* order, with the advantage that the author is really an Inside European. It is framed as a series of short chapters on the crises of Europe since the last war, crisply and well written; for years Lady Listowel was a professional journalist. Those describing first-hand experience are naturally the best; a first-class row with Putzi Hanfstangl, the Nazi Press chief, a queer episode of a terrified hotel-hostess in Moscow, the breakdown of a Nazi youth after the public torment of the Jews in Vienna. When she deals with the major events with which we are all familiar, it is the small telling details that reveal a woman's eye, the cigarette torn out of Schuschnigg's hand by Hitler at Berchtesgaden, Teleki going to five o'clock Mass before blowing out his brains. But her judgments of the underlying meanings are neither trivial nor especially womanish; she is dead right in her diagnosis of the weakness of British policy as due to a complete lack of principle, in contrast with the driving purpose of the Fascists or the Communists.

Authenticity is the rare quality of the work. For it is, in fact, the biography of a mind. What Lady Listowel is concerned to show is the effect of the tragedy of our time upon a quick, impressionable, critical intelligence, too counter-suggestive to accept the ready-made beliefs of her small landholder family, too romantic to adopt Marxian materialism. She does not fake or disguise the phases of her mental development, which is that of the well-intentioned majority. As a girl she was the typical Hungarian of her class, kind to the peasantry because of inherited custom, anti-Semitic, revisionist, as she remains. Later influences such as that of Eileen Power modified her outlook, and she learned to like democracy in Britain, America, and Sweden, to repudiate anti-Semitism because of its ghastly demoralisation, and to assess the achievements of the Soviet regime fairly. She averted her attention from the Spanish war, partly in reaction against the wholly loyalist sympathies of her friends, more, one suspects, because she could not bear to face the support given by the Church to bloodshed and treachery. She fell into the same wishful error about Munich as most people, because it seemed a reprieve from war. The steady bent of her mind is, however, a growing love of liberty, modified by the paternalism of her inheritance; it is natural to her to recite a panegyric list of the revolutionary heroines of Tsarist Russia, and yet to feel intolerably oppressed in the Soviet Union, which she visited during the Old Bolshevik Purge. But she is never in doubt about the repulsiveness of the Nazis, nor about the corruption of the Italian regime. When her "call" comes at last, on a moonlight night in Paris, it is a dedication to liberty; what she calls the "Order of the Free." That title, for her, contains a future of the levelling of living standards, the disappearance of class distinctions, a planned economy, in fine a sort of Tory Democracy. For the romantic still rules Lady Listowel's heart, if not her head. It endows her with fastidiousness; she is not attracted by the merely successful. But she is drawn to the graces and trappings of success and privilege; her pages are somewhat too liberally sown with princes and nobles, with millionaires and social notabilities. She even commits herself to saying:

> After all, it is the grandson of the Duke of Marlborough and the Duchess County Squire (Roosevelt), who stand for freedom and for the rights of the individual, against the terrible phalanges of egalitarian robots, led by a paperhanger and the son of a blacksmith.

These words from a Christian whose god belonged to the little bourgeoisie ring strangely enough. Does Lady Listowel seriously consider how far the individualism she admires is, in life, that of individuals so favourably placed that they can have no quarrel with the society which handed them their passport to power? But the author is most a woman and most engaging in her logical repudiation of logic, in the rational acceptance of the limits of reason; and in consequence, although her self-portrait is not consistent, it is singularly convincing.

FREDA WHITE

BOOKS ON RUSSIA

Books on Soviet Russia, 1917-42. By PHILIP GRIERSON. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

All people who are interested in the Soviet Union will be grateful to Mr. Grierson for this admirable bibliography. It is full, comprehensive, and annotated with a brevity which does not prevent it from being judicious. Particularly useful is the diligent way in which Mr. Grierson has tracked down that mass of transitory pamphlets of 1917-1919, so invaluable to the historian, which it is so often difficult to discover. As one turns over its pages, three outstanding things seem to emerge. First, there has been an almost embarrassing flood of literature on the Soviet Union since the Revolution, but that does not mean that there has been a high proportion of any permanent value. Second, there are far too few books which tell us how Soviet institutions actually work; nothing so good, for example, as Mr. Brailsford's *How the Soviets Work*, which appeared as long ago as 1920, has been published. Third, it is curious to note that there is no biography of Lenin which can even pretend to adequacy. There are some interesting essays; but of the man who takes his place among the three or four supreme historical figures since Napoleon, we have not even the kind of book which a Ph.D. student will devote to a minor figure in *belles lettres*. We have only a small selection of his correspondence; and though there is an ample selection of his writings, some of his most valuable work is still inaccessible to the reader unacquainted with Russian. It is worth noting, too, that hardly anything exists of importance on the remarkable work done by the U.S.S.R., especially in the Caucasus and the Arctic Circle, on the treatment of backward peoples; one would have thought that the Colonial Office would have interested itself in seeing that this gap was filled. The same is true of the treatment of crime, and

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it would be interesting to know if the Home Office has ever sought to assess the achievement of Soviet penal methods. Mr. Grierson has done a first-class job which must have entailed heavy labours. He deserves warm thanks.

Destination Chungking. By HAN SUYIN. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Han Suyin's sensitive and delightful autobiography seems to show that a new stage has been reached in the emancipation of Chinese women. The first generation of Chinese women writers adapted a masculine style and chose impersonal subjects, which did not demand too precise a balance between emotion and intellect. But *Destination Chungking* is a romantic story of the author's love and marriage as well as a very informative picture of China at war. Han Suyin and her husband, Pao, played together as children in China; they met again in England when he was a cadet at Sandhurst and she was a student in obstetrics. They lived through most of the horrors of the war in their own country whither they returned together to give their services.

Their visit to Han Suyin's home, to the "big family in Szechwan" is the most interesting part of the book. Han Suyin realises that she is the only brick which has been dislodged from the solid wall of Chinese family tradition. Third Grandfather "even frowned upon the mildest infringement of convention in permitting the young man to see a photograph of the bride-to-be"; Third Aunt was "panicky at the idea of receiving messages which issue from the telephone in thin unhuman sounds"; Second Sister was only referred to in "bated whispers and in confidence"—she had run away to join the Communists. Han Suyin soon feels "cushioned against life." She returns to her work delivering babies by candle-light, bitten by fleas, mosquitoes and worse. The promotion of her husband later gives her an opportunity of going abroad with him on a mission. It is then that she writes her novel which has considerable documentary interest in its description of a section of Chinese life. That it is only a small section she herself realises in her concluding paragraphs, where she pays homage to the awakening coolie without whom "the officials, the bureaucrats, the would-be intellectuals, are sterile and without power to create the future."

Horizon. April. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Logan Pearsall-Smith continues his finely reminiscent *Saved from the Salvage* with a delicious, immensely "written" account of a French poetess in the Venice of the Nineties. Captain Osbert Sitwell, at the top of his pamphleteering style, fires a train of rockets illuminating the horrors for the artist of the world we live in. Also a poem by MacNeice, a story by Philip Toynbee and a review of Fromm by Borkenau.

Week-end Competitions

No. 687

Set by Roger Marvell

The centenary of Henry James's birth falls on April 15th. Competitors are asked to invent one sentence, of not more than 200 words, in which the novelist condenses a message to the England of 1943.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, April 12th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 684

Set by Fred Oyster

The usual prizes are offered for the best poem, of not more than fourteen lines, on wines we can no longer enjoy.

Report by Fred Oyster

Some were jaunty, some elegiac, some forgetful, some sad or flat; some complained, some ranted; some imparted an almost lubricious flavour to the old names—but comparatively few, I am sorry to say, were inspired to write more than mediocre verse. Keats, Horace and Mr. Belloc were the most frequent models, and of these only the Horatian mood, with a stoicism to balance regrets, seemed to suit the present. The limit of fourteen lines produced a large number of sonnets, of which Maurice Véhemme's sharply nostalgic *Sonnet du Vin* and W. J. Halliday's sonnet of indifference seemed to me the best. There isn't a great deal to choose between these and the entries of F.C.C. and Towanbucket. Prizes divided equally between the four.

SONNET DU VIN.

Oui nous retrouverons la France et le bon vin.
Bourgogne, Bordeaux, Rhône et Coteaux de la Loire,
Vins blancs de la Moselle ou bien des bords du Rhin,
Vins de notre pays nous reviendrons vous boire.

Oui nous le reverrons pétiller, le Champagne
Nous mettrons à chambrer quelque très vieux Margaux
Et nous déboucherons, un soir à la campagne,
Tel crû fameux, "mis en bouteilles au Chateau."

Mais le vin le plus simple, un gros rouge qui tache
Ou le petit rosé qu'on boit dans le Midi
Autant qu'un Clos-Vougeot nous sembleront exquis,
Nous en barbouillerons nos nez et nos moustaches
Le moelleux Chambertin, comme le sec Pouilly,
Remplaceront enfin la triste eau de Vichy.

(MAURICE VEHEMME)

I never cared for wines, I must confess
A Bass or Scotch and soda is my fare.
In France or at a public dinner where
The rest drink wine, I drink it, more or less.
But never with that true fastidiousness
Dean Inge and other connoisseurs might share.
Chablis with sole? With pheasant which? Why care?
Good salmon needs no garnishing but cress.
My Sabine farm has no Falernian stock,
My cellars only hold a humble brew:
The pillars of my world receive no shock
Because Burgundian produce can't get through.
I miss, at times, the social glass of sherry——
Would God this were my only wartime worry.

(W. J. HALLIDAY)

WAR-TIME RONDEAU.

There is no cider at the Traveller's Rest;
But where's your Graves? your Beaune? your Beaujolais?
The nuits you prayed for? Veuve Clicquot? Vin d'Ay?—
And vain as well the simpler suit I pressed:—
"Grant me the *vin du pays* of the west,
The amber largesse of a labourer's day!"
There is no cider at the Traveller's Rest.
(But where's your Graves? your Beaune? your Beaujolais?)

Your every plea seemed sweet as love confessed:—
Pommery, Saint Emilion, Montrachet!
Lachryma Christi, Clos Vougeot, Vouvray!
Yet Mars denied each connoisseur request.
Nor has my humble homely prayer been blessed.
There is no cider at the Traveller's Rest.

(F. C. C.)

LAMENT FOR LOST WINES.

Food is but fodder when the tongue no more
With tang of old Madeira savours soup;
When with well-seasoned oysters none may pour
Of Chablis, Hock, Sauterne, a modest stoup.
Ah, for those piping times to come again
When eagerly the gustful gastronome
Drank to the lobster in a good Champagne,
Moët et Chandon, or a *Quart de Chaume*!
When pure Médoc washed down the tender bird,
Leaving the flattered appetite at ease;
And men of taste had reckoned it absurd
Not to sip Burgundy before the cheese . . .
Now, vulgar cocktails usher in sad cheer,
And dinners end with draughts of watered beer.

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NAVAL Lieut. and war worker wife urgently want sml. furn. flat, house or part-house, not more than 45 mins. Charing Cross. N.W. dist. preferred. Box S8.

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YOUNG couple require house, part house or flat, with garden. N.W. Lond. Box S32.

2/3 furn. rms., use kitch., bath, etc. or small unfurn. house/cottage, outer or access. London, required by Service wife, girl 1 yr. Falk, 131 Holden Rd., N.12. HIL. 0858.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE AND ELECTRIC

IMPORTANCE OF TELECOMMUNICATION

THE annual general meeting of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company, Limited, was held on April 1st at Liverpool.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E., circulated with the report and accounts:—

The effort attained by your company during 1942 was easily the heaviest in its history but, owing to the magnitude of taxation, the figures give little indication of our large increased turnover. The profit on trading, etc., at £261,888 compares with £247,783 after reserving for taxation. Your directors recommend a dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary stock, making 10 per cent. for the year, plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., and a dividend of 10 per cent. on the deferred stock and shares, plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent.

Some attention is being given to the question of telecommunications by Government and Parliament, but it is doubtful whether its full and vital importance has been grasped by the general public. It is less than a century since England adventured wealth, energy and ingenuity to circle the globe with the means of rapid and cheap communications. Our international trade would never have reached its pre-war proportions without these great systems.

The field is unlimited for all forms of communications and transportation, and the war will not settle international rivalry for the influence and trade which pertain thereto. On the contrary, there is evidence of an increase of rivalry at this very time. Your company and the many concerns interested are in a stronger position than ever to deal with the demands likely to appear when the war is over, and I can only hope that in the talks between the United Nations consideration will be given to this subject.

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